5.

HERBERTS
Child-bearing Woman
From the
CONCEPTION
To the
WEANING
Of the
CHILD.
Made in a
DEVOTION
Containing above CLX.
Meditations, Prayers & Songs:
For the uſe of
Mrs Frances Herbert.

Now publiſht for the good of all the wiſe and pious Women of *England*, *Scotland*, *Wales*.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. A.* & *J. M.* and are to be ſold by *John Haucock* in Cornhill at the entrance of Popes head Alley, and by *Humphrey Tuckey* at the ſign of the ſpred Eagle in Fleet ſtreet. 1648.

TO

My Loving and Welbeloved Wife,

Mrs Frances Herbert.

SWEET WIFE,

I Find now in my ſelf the truth of this Poetical ſpeech: *The diligent Auditor cals th' Orator to his ſtudie; and praiſed vertue grows.* For, though Learned and Vertuous men muſt rather ſeek to better their knowledge by ſtudie, and poliſh their minds by Vertue; then to beget admiration in the hearts of others, and draw cõmendation from both their tongues and pens: yet we ſtudie more eagerly what we ſee doth delight others; and practiſe that more carefully & cheerfully, by wch we get glory. Thou eſteem'ſt ſo highly (*moſt fair*

Although my Wife ceas'd by death to be ſuch the 10. of *March* 1645. yet I will not take that from her, which was compos'd for her, and given her. She is then ſtill the firſt Patroneſs of this Book.

fair and vertuous Wife, five Pray'rs, I compos'd the laſt year, two of which were on this ſubject, that theſe three or four weeks, I have made manie ſcores for *Child-bearing Women*, as well mov'd with deſire to help thee in thy Devotions, as fed with hope, they ſhal pleaſe thee, and may do ſome good to thy Child, which now graces thy Womb, and makes thy heart and mine joyful. Thou art now (by Gods grace) in caſe, to uſe manie of theſe prayers, and ſhalt (I hope) be ſhortly readie for the reſt. Yet I preſume not to give thee my conceits, for limits to thy devotions; but for a *friendlie help*. They may ſeem ſtrange, for their diverſitie; yet I am confident, thou wilt not think, I have either loſt anie time, or ſpent too much, in making that, which no wiſe man undertook yet ſo fully, as I do. Beleeve *dear Wife*, that although theſe *Meditations*, *Prayers* and *Songs* be no argument of my wiſdome, in manie mens conceits; yet they cannot prove me fooliſh in a judicious brain. They may of all perſons get me the naime of a kind *Huſband* and *Father*, at leaſt in this reſpect, that I take care, thou beeſt devout in the moſt noble work, thy ſex can do. I will make thy Child a *Child of prayers*: and who can but praiſe me? I will alſo leave Inſtructions for mine yet unborn *babe*, yea for as manie, as it

ſhall

ſhal pleaſe God to give me: and who can reprove me? Yet praiſe I challenge not; and blame (I know) I deſerve not. Now my Inſtructions to our Child are as well in thy prayrs, as in thy meditations and ſongs: for, of what ſex the infant be, it muſt hereafter take its mothers godlie Petitions to God in its behalf, for part of its dutie; and if it be a *Girle*, then ſhe may make a farther uſe of theſe *Devotions*, if ere ſhe be in the caſe, in which thou art now. God bleſſe both thee and it, and make me as happie in thy fruit, as I am in thy ſelf, the greateſt earthlie joy, worldlie glorie, and ſenſible delight of

Thy loving Husband

Paintington. Novemb. 15. 1638.

W. HERBERT.

ELIZABETH, *my firſt* Daughter *and ſecond* Child *was in the* Womb, *when I made this. Let her then regard it, and amongſt all my other* Books, *ſtudie my* Catechiſm *dedicated to her, not neglecting the Lecture of the reſt.*

MY

Careful Father

OR

Catechiſme,

AND

Quadripartit Devotion

are now Printed, and

My Beleef and Confeſſion of Faith

Reprinted with

Scripture-Proofs.

TO

To all the Wiſe and Religious Child-bearing Women of Great BRITAIN.

Noble, Gentle and Good Women,

HEre is a Book dedicated to my Wife and to You: to her, becauſe made for her ſake; to you, becauſe it is as fit for you, as it hath been for her: to her firſt, as being my Wife; and to you next, as my Siſters: and you know, Wives muſt be nearer and dearer then Siſters. If yet it be alleadg'd, that ſuch Siſters as you muſt take place of ſuch Wife: I will anſwer, manie of you might have done ſo by right in all publick meetings; but none of you might have in modeſtie challeng'd the precedence of her in mine own houſe, in my good opinions and ſincere affections. Sith then ſhe was verie high in the firſt, verie deep in the laſt; I give her the firſt place. As you are Wife, you will not diſpute her ſtanding: as Religious, you ſhal not be envious; nor diſlike my Book for this cauſe. I therefore freely give it to you all, whoſe Wombs God hath grac'd, or ſhall grace with the ſweet fruits of chaſt Copulation; livelie and moſt lovelie pictures of your

and

and your Husbands lineaments, complexions and inclinations; sufficient pledges of your mutual love; strong motives of your reconciliation; heires apparent of all your goods and hopes earthlie and heavenlie. Receive it courteously, read it judiciously, and then approve or censure it, as the Spirit shall move your hearts. But see, you mistake not the Spirit, as too manie do now, who thinking to have found * New Lights, *will bring again such old darknes, as was at first on the face of the deep. If you imitate them, delighted with the noveltie of their presumptuous opinions, you shall scorn these helps to your Devotions, and look on me with an eye of disdain, as on a man not yet illuminated. If not, but that you esteem still lawful to light sometimes your torch, and warm your bodies at your neighbours fire, yea feed them with his meat, you may, yea shall love my Book, and vouchsafe gracious looks on me*

* I am not against the new discoveries of Gods sacred and secret will, which he manifests to his Saints, sometimes immediatly; but against those pretended lights, which are opposit unto the old truth, he hath reveald in the holie Scripture.

Your poor Brother, sincere Friend, and humble Servant
W. Herbert.

LONDON,
Novemb. 5.
1647.

TO All the Wiſe and Religious Midwives of *England, Scotland, Wales.*

WISE WOMEN,

THis title muſt not offend you: for it is the French phraſe, and the French faſhion is the beſt, or ſo eſteem'd: beſides, Wiſdome is no diſgrace, but an ornament to your ſex, and chiefly to your profeſſion. Then *Wiſe Women*, hear me, I beſeech you. This * Child-bearing Woman looking for a good hour, ſends for you all, as being like to have a hard labor; becauſe manie being diſpleas'd at her Conception, & thinking her *Child illegitimat, will perplex her with ſo manie queſtions; that they may kill Mother and Child, unles yon, who know and love her, will anſwer for her honeſtie, and ſilencing

*My Book.

*Printed Prayers.

ſencing, or expelling ſome young praters, new-found Enemies to ſet forms of Prayers, deliver her ſafely of the *Child*, which you may call *General good*: for certainly, it concerns the publick, that our *Children* be conceiv'd and born with *Prayers*, and in theſe *Prayrs* taught their *dutie*, both Moral and Chriſtian. As you are all *Wiſe*, you know this: you ſhal then adde *Goodnes* to your *Wiſdome*, and *Pietie* to your *Knowledge*, if you do countenance this *Work*, and love me its Author, as being in Juſtice and Truth

Your Friend,

London,
Nov. 5.
1647.

W. Herbert.

HERBERTS Child-bearing Woman.

When she thinks, she's with Child.

I Hope O Lord, that thou wilt blesse me *once again, above manie Women, who (though better then I) are yet depriv'd of the glorious title of mother. Thy mightie hand is (I suppose) framing a* Child *in my womb, a living man in my intrals: therefore my soul magnifies thee, Lord God, and my spirit rejoices in thee, God my Saviour; because thou dost in me great things. But forasmuch as this work is like*

*Who hath had yet no Child, must omit these two words.

like, to put thy poor handmaid to great anguiſhes & torments, before it be brought unto light, thy ſelf having ordain'd, that Women ſhould bring forth their children in ſorrow: though I do not require to be free from the pain; ſince I am not guiltles of my firſt mothers tranſgreſſion: yet I entreat, & (remembring thy mercies) hope, thou ſhalt ſweeten it unto me. I yeeld O God, to bring forth this child in ſorrow; but withall I beſeech, that it be not ſo long and great, that it either end my ſhort life, or much impair my ſtrength. I beg them both of thy goodnes, With all other things, I may then loſe, if yet thou wilt ſpare me, that I may praiſe thy name: if not, arme and prepare my heart, againſt all accidents; With paticnce, for the loſſe of health, ſtrength or comelines; and with unfained repentance againſt the diſſolution of this frame. Whatſoever happens to me for life or death; Lord, I crave thy bleſſing upon the child, which I conceive thou form'ſt in me. O ſweet Father, ſhape its bodie ſo well, both in proportion and color; that Who ſhall ſee its rare beautie, may juſtly ſay: how beautious is the maker of this fair Creature! and thereupon admire, praiſe and love thee, and my Child for thy ſake. Mark not therefore its eyes, for the ſpiritual blindnes of its Parents. Stop not its ears, for their wilful deafnes to thy holie mo-

tions.

tions. Tie not its tongue, for their dumbnes to magnifie thy name. Make it not crooked, lame, heavie, for their ſpiritual palſie, in walking in thy ways, and keeping thy Commandments. As for the ſoul, good Lord, for thy ſweet Ieſus ſake, make her ſo perfect in all her faculties, that my future Babie want nothing requiſite unto the perfection of a reaſonable creature. Let it be indu'd with a ſound judgment, a quick apprehenſion, an eaſie and ſtrong memorie, a will obedient to reaſon, and a reaſon yeelding always unto thy will, and making thy Word its beſt principles; that when my Child ſhall be in a fit age, all theſe fine things appear, as a rich diamond in a curious gold ring. Finally being made perfect both in bodie and ſoul, keep it O God, within my womb, as the apple of thine eye. And to that end, preſerve me from all falls, fears, fancies, paſſions, meats, diſeeſes and accidents, which may hurt it in anie wiſe. And when the birth-day is come, O then ſuccour both it and me. Help to bring unto light the work of thine own hand; yea, let that hand, which hath formed it in the womb bring it out graciouſly, without great pain to the weak babe, or danger unto the ſinful mother. Then will I ſing thy praiſe, and ſhew thy mercie towards both.

Whem

When ſhe is quick.

FEeling O God, thou haſt wrought in my womb what I ſuppos'd thou waſt forming, a man after thine own image, I humbly bow before thy majeſtie, to give thee heartie thanks, for a favor ſo great. Receive O Lord, the preſent ſacrifice of praiſe, my heart and mouth offer thee now, for the mercie, thou doſt ſhew me. Thy name is great, thy power wonderful, thy goodnes infinit. O then my heart ſhall evermore love thee, and my mouth ſhall thus ſing praiſes to thee. Glorie to God, Whoſe mightie hand hath wrought in me a wonder of nature, a marvellous creature, whoſe bodie is made of my bloud, by the ſecret operation of God, and its ſoul of nothing, by that ſame God, who by his onlie Word hath created Heaven and Earth, upon which laſt mine unborn Babe may awhile be a ſejourner, with both pleaſure and pain, and in the firſt, live for ever, in pleaſure without pain. Grant my God, it be ſo; and therefore let thy providence keep ſafe in my intrals what thy power hath made in them. Look not on it in th' old Adam, leaſt thou deſtroy it in the womb, for his firſt rebellion: but in the new, to bleſſe it and me, for his obedience unto death. O let

thy

thy dear Sons bloud waſh away the foul ſpot, which my Child draws from its Parents, that it may hereafter bleſſe the day, it was conceived in. Remember Lord, thy Son Jeſus was once to ſave mankind what my infant is now, a Weak thing in the Womb. O then for his merits ſtrengthen both it and me; and for his ſake bring my babe forth, to thy glorie and my comfort.

When the Child ſtirrs.

1. WHat do I now feel in my womb? One, at whoſe good or bad life, I may hereafter either greatly rejoice or grieve. *Grant good God, it be ſuch, that I may both delight in it, and give thee thanks for it.*

2. My Babe ſeems to play in my womb, as a fiſh in a pond. The poor infant knows not, to what miſeries it is made. *O Lord, let thy hand bear it up in the ſtormie ſea of this World, leaſt it ſink unto the bottom, either of ſin or affliction. Let its life be ſweet and harmles, or if otherwiſe, let it labour for a better; even that, for which We are made.*

3. What nimble leap was this, in a priſon ſo

ſtrait and dark as is my womb? Doth my young priſoner trie, to get out before its time? If it be ſo, it ſtrives in vain; becauſe it muſt expect that hour, the Judge hath appointed for its deliv'rance. *So my Lord, let it ever do. When thou ſhalt lay anie croſſe upon it, let it bear it moſt willingly, and never trie to ſhake it off, but by ſuch means, as thou approv'ſt.*

4. How prettily my Child leaps in my womb, although it hath but little room! *When it is born, and in the age to diſcern things, let O God, its heart be content, With that portion of earth, thou ſhalt give it, albeit it may ſeem ſmall. Let it Wiſely build its neſt to the greatnes of its bodie, or if greater, yet no more then to hold its young. Let it by lawful means provide ſoberly both for it ſelf and its children; then reſt content, ever conforming affection unto need, and deſire to ſobrietie.*

5. Was my dear Babe aſleep, that I felt it not this long while? Sleep takes up too much of mans time. 'Tis the image of death: how then do we love it, ſince we hate death it ſelf? *Lord, grant, my Child ſleep hereafter, but to work the better. Let it not be a drone or a dormouſe, to loiter or ſleep out the time, Which is due to action. Let it Watch with the Wiſe Virgines, having oil enough in its lamp, that it enter with*

with the bridegroom, before the doors of thy mercie be ſhut.

6. This is a ſlow motion. Within few weeks my Babe did ſtir nimbly, and now it ſeems, that age hath taught it gravitie. Indeed men muſt both ſpeak and do, according to their years. *O Lord, give my Child that wiſdome, to know always what's fitteſt for its age.*

When ſhe's not well in her Breeding.

1. *LOrd, behold, ſhe, whom thou loveſt, is ſick. Indeed my Will, ever moſt ſtubborn and backward, in yeelding obedience unto thy holie laws; but tractable and forward in committing evil in thy ſight, deſerves rather thy conſuming hatred, then thy comforting love; and the bruiſing ſtripes of thy hand, then the ſweet kiſſes of thy mouth. Yet I truſt, thou lov'ſt me as thy creature, O moſt glorious maker; as thy purchace, O gracious Redeemer; as thy temple, O gentle Comforter. Let not my ſins put out that love, which manie waters of affliction could not extinguiſh in thee ſweet Jeſus, when thou didſt give thy life for me. Wherefore my God,*

didſt thou aſſume my weak nature, to die for me a cruel death, if thou doſt not love me? O then in thy great love, firſt forgive me my ſins, then ſtrengthen my bodie.

2. What qualms are theſe, and what humors riſe within me, and put me ſo out of temper? Well, well; nothing is there amiſſe, which God knows not how to redreſſe. There is no skill to cure ſicknes like unto his, who hath made the ſickman. *Be now therefore my phyſician, O God my wiſe maker: O calm theſe qualms, and quiet theſe wrangling humors, leaſt in their ſtrife they end my life, and deſtroy that, which thou art forming (or, haſt formed) in my womb.*

3. I ſee, I muſt both breed and bring forth children in ſorrow: yet I hope, the future pleaſure ſhall far exceed the preſent grief. *Anſwer my hopes O Lord, and ſo aſſuage my pains, that I may feel, thy hand is ſoft, even when thou doſt ſtrike.*

4. My head doth ake, my ſtomach is crazie, my ſides are ſore. *O then let thy left hand, O God my ſtrength and deliverer, be now under my head, and thy right embrace me. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for, I am weak and ſick.*

5. O God! Theſe vomitings ſtrain my head and ſtomach, and I fear, that they move ſo violently

olently my intrals, that my babe receive harme by them. I hold my poor head, with one hand, and with th' other ſupport my weake ſtomach: but who lookes to my Child? *Let it be thine office, O God its owne maker: ſee, nothing deſtroy or annoy the excellent work of thy hand.*

6. *Eaſe me O Lord, leaſt I ſink under the burthen. Either leſſen my paine, or increaſe my patience. Thou art my Judge; therefore thou doſt correct me, becauſe I have ſinned, and thou art juſt: but thou art likewiſe my Father; therfore thou wilt not confound me, for, I repent, and thou art pitifull.*

7. What is O Lord, the cauſe of theſe anguiſhes, but rebellion unto thy Commandements? *Eve* did rebell, and for her ſake I ſmart; but (doubtles) my ſmart is greater, becauſe I have added manie grievous actuall ſins to the originall. *My God, forgive me both: then for his ſake, who hath been wounded for our iniquities, change my diſeaſes into eaſe, my ſicknes into health, my heavines into gladnes.*

8. My paines are great, yet my feare is greater: the firſt is in the ſenſe, the ſecond in the ſoule. *Thou haſt O Lord, given unto living creatures a great deſire and inclination, both to conſerve themſelves and propagate their*

kind; therefore fearing, these dolors increasing bring my life to an end, and in the bud nip that fine flow'r, thou hast set in my wombe, I do heartily beseech thee, both to assuage my griefe, and drive away my feare, with an assured hope of life, for me and my Infant.

9. *Comfort my fainting heart, O God of all consolation: strengthen my limmes, wearied with the carriage of one, whose much desired growth makes me both heavie and lazie. My great bellie doth hinder my actions, yet it cheers up my affections, considering that my bignes is caused by a Child, which may hereafter (by thy grace) procure me much delight, in its harmles childhood, honest youth, prudent, vertuous and Christian life.*

10. O my poore head! O my languishing heart! O that my braines had never plotted anie thing against their great maker! O that my heart had ever beene faithfull to him, who hath kneaded it in my breast! Then should I not either feele these torments, or feele with them more fully the sweet and desirable peace, which accompanies a good conscience. *O God, grant me that peace, and with it bodilie ease, if not as I am just, (for alas I am a sinner!) yet as I trust in thy goodnes, and loath my wickednes.*

At

At the meeting of a Hare.

1 I Have often heard ſay, that if a Hare croſſe the way of a woman with child, it ſhall have a hares lip. I think, this may be true: for, manie times our conceits are ſo ſtrong; that they may work that and worſe effects on the ſoft bodie of a Child. *Therefore O Lord, I beſeech thee to keep me thy handmaid, from ſuch fooliſh fancies, and my Child from all ſtrange and unnaturall ſhapes.*

2 What vertue hath this little heartles creature, to make a Childs lip like her owne? She (poore wretch) goes along, either to feed ſoberly, or lie in her cold forme, or perhaps ſave her life from a pack of greedie hounds. Harme, ſhe thinks none, harme, ſhe does none, or can do none, but in eating the corne in graſſe. How come then our Harelipped men, but by the ſtrong conceits of their fearfull and ſuperſtitious mothers? *Lord, let never my mind be poſſeſt with ſuch ſtrange opinions. Give me a ſound and immobile faith in thy wiſe providence and gracious protection, to beleeve, that no beaſt nor bird, no witch nor conjurer, no ghoſt nor devill can do anie man other harme, then that, thou thy ſelfe appointſt*

him, in thy wiſdome, to trie his vertue and ſhew it for example; in thy mercie, to recall him from ſin; or in juſtice, to deſtroy him in ſinne.

In her Longings.

1 THis is another effect of fancie. As we feare without cauſe; ſo we doe long without (and manie times beyond) reaſon. But why ſhould I deſire that to day, which I did not care for yeſterday, and perchance ſhall loath to morrow? If my ſtomach is weake, I will not thruſt that into it, againſt which it riſes: muſt I therefore feed it onely with what is farre fetcht and deare bought? Fancie bids this, but reaſon forbids it. *Lord, let never fancie ſo prevaile over me, that I forget reaſon. Let me ſeek that in my diet, which be wholeſome, though but little toothſome. Suffer me not (as too manie of my Sex doe) take pride in that, of which wiſe women are aſham'd, long for dainties, and deſire cates: but rather grant, I be both content with, and thankefull for ſuch meats, as I can eaſily get, and wholeſomely, though not wantonly feeed upon.*

2. We

2 We are in longing *Eves* daughters, yea worſe then ſhe; for, ſhe longed for that, which was both good for food,&pleaſant to the eyes,yea deſirable to make one wiſe:wheras ſometimes we long for that, which ſhould neither delight the eye, nor reliſh in the mouth, nor digeſt well in the ſtomach, were we not in a longing fit, and the thing is often ſo ridiculous, that we dare not manifeſt our deſires, leaſt little children laugh at us, and old men thinke us mad. *O God give me a heart ſo wiſe and temperat, that I long for nothing, which be beyond my meanes, and beſides womens modeſtie.*

3 What? Is my longing got up from my ſtomach into my eares, and ſpred likewiſe upon my whole bodie? Muſt I know what theſe doe whiſper, to keep me from fainting? Muſt I have new garments or toyes, leaſt I fall ſick? And if I miſſe that bit, ſecret, attire, muſt my child beare the markes of my folie, if in my diſcontentment my hand touch any part of my bodie? Fancie, thou art a meere tyrant, and he's a wretched ſlave, who ſubmits his reaſon unto thy goverment. Why ſhould I be ſo humorous to my poor babes danger, my husbands griefe and mine owne ruine? *Good Lord, give me a ſtronger wit, to*

rule

rule better my ſtubborne will. Strengthen my brains againſt the diſorderlie affections of my heart, and clear my underſtanding; that I may ſee what is fit and unfit: fit to be deſired, and unfit to be longed for.

When ſhe's neer her Labor.

THe time is come, in which I muſt pay the old debt, *Eve* contracted for me. I feele the forerunners of ſorrow and anguiſh. Alas! what ſhall I doe, to eſcape the danger, into which I am brought, by my firſt mothers ſin? My feet by their ſwiftnes cannot deliver me, ſince I beare in my wombe the cauſe of my ſorrow, the child who's readie to come out, Wilt thou then deare infant, cauſe thy mother fearefull torments? But alas! I recant. Thou art but the fit inſtrument to torture me for *Eves* tranſgreſſion and my ſins. Theſe, theſe my child, theſe are the cauſe of my approaching pangs. She taſted once of the forbidden fruit, and I doe daily breake the holie Lawes of my maker: therefore his heavie hand is readie to fall upon me; and what meanes can there be, to ward thoſe blowes, which

which may cleave the rocks aſunder? I will as *Adam* hide my ſelfe, yet not amongſt thick trees, (for, Gods alſeeing eye will quickly find me there) but in his Sons bloudie ſhaddow, and in thoſe wounds, my crimes have made in his feet, hands and ſide. There if my God ſees me, he can but ſmile on me, his wrath being turn'd into love, and his heart pleas'd at my cunning. *O then ſweet Jeſus, receive me, nay draw me unto thee, and purge my ſoule, from all her ſins both originall and actuall. I am ſorrie, I have committed them. I grieve at my deafenes to thy inſpirations; at my coldnes, in prayer and holie reading: at my ſlacknes, in doing good: at my readines, to doe ill: at my weakenes, in yeelding unto tentations: at my delight, in uncleane thoughts, worldlie affections, vaine faſhions: at my ingratitude, for thy manifold benefits: at my unkindnes towards men: at my time loſt in idlenes: at my*

at my *at my*

and finally, at whatſoever I have either omitted or committed, in thoughts, affections, words and deeds, wilfully and ignorantly againſt thy Majeſtie, my neighbour and my ſelfe. Forgive, my Saviour, forgive me, and with the bloud, thou didſt once ſhed for me, cleanſe my ſoule from all filth. Then in mercie aſſuage thoſe paines, I

now

now begin to feele for them. O remember that bleſſed houre, in which thou didſt appeare unto the world, out of a Virgins womb, in the forme of a ſervant, to redeem thoſe, who had made themſelves ſlaves to ſin, and ſubject unto death: and even now look graciouſly upon me and my Child. Good Lord, ſtrengthen us both, and grant, I be ſpeedily and ſafely deliv'red of the hidden treaſure, thou haſt laid up in my bellie; ſo that my ſweet Infant receive ſhortly the Sacrament of regeneration, and after that, (if yet it is thy bleſſed will) live manie happie years, in the fear of thy judgements, and obedience to all thy Commandements.

The Midwives Exhortation.

MY Friends. Although God by his pow'r made at firſt all things by himſelfe, and bleſt them ſo, that they continue to this day in their ſeverall kinds: yet it is his pleaſure, to make uſe of ſecond cauſes, for the preſervation of his marvellous workes. *Adam* being the chiefe among all viſible creatures, it pleaſed that wiſe God, to make him a help fit for him: that by a chaſt carnal copula-

tion

tion they ſhould bring forth children in their likenes. We are all deſcended from him and *Eve*, by naturall generation and conception, and ſo muſt we increaſe and multiplie. But becauſe our firſt mothers ſin did draw Gods curſe on her and us, ſo that with great pains and danger we bring forth our children, 'tis our human dutie to helpe one another, according to that skill, experience hath taught us. And becauſe it is vaine, and our labor to no purpoſe, unles made effectuall by the bleſſing of God; 'tis our pious cuſtome, to implore his favor, when we meet upon ſuch occaſions, as the preſent is. Let us then Earneſtly and Confidently call on the name of the Lord, in the behalfe of our Siſter, who hath ſent for us to help her: Earneſtly, as being ſenſible of her paines, fearfull of her danger, deſirous of her eaſe: Confidently, as knowing, the Lord is gracious, readie to heare, willing to grant the juſt requeſts of his ſervants. Let then your devout hearts and faithfull ſoules be attentive to the words of my mouth, expreſſing briefly my deſires.

Her Pray'r.

MOſt wiſe, mightie and gracious Spirit, vouchſafe now to regard our preſent pray'rs, in the behalfe of this good woman our Siſter. As thou art wiſe, thou know'ſt her want: as mightie, thou canſt releeve her: and as gracious, thou wilt not forſake her. She wants eaſe from her paines, comfort againſt a double feare. Give then we beſeech thee, a ſafe, eaſie, and quick paſſage to that infant, whoſe life ſhe feares as well as hers. Yea bring it out with ſuch proportionable ſhape, and probabilitie of life; that joy ſucceed her grief, and hope expell her fear. Thine is the power to do this, thine then ſhall be all the glorie of the action. Yea though it be thy pleaſure, to make ſome uſe of us, yet none of us ſhall challenge part of thy glorie: rather wee'l take for an obligation of our greater love and ſervice to thee; if it pleaſe thee (as we humbly and earneſtly require) to bleſſe our hands with dexteritie, to performe our ſeverall parts on the mother and child; and our tongues with ſweet words, to comfort her in her labor. Thou art the fountain of goodnes: from thee then we expect the full effect of our ſupplication, and promiſe thee our ſacrifice of thankeſ-

thanksgiving, at the end of this noble work: Perfect it then gracious Father, perfect it ſpeedily for the love of thy Son, once a Child for our ſake.

In her Labor, between her Paines. With the womans joynt-Prayrs.

Some Woman may read theſe to her, and to the reſt.

1 MAke haſt O God, to deliver me: Make haſt O Lord, to helpe me. Remember not my ſins, but thy mercies. O rebuke me not in thy wrath, nor chaſten me in thy hot diſpleaſure.

Lord, this woman calls on thee in her trouble: O then deliver her, and bring her to honor. With long, ſweet, holie life ſatisfie her; and ſhew thy Salvation to her and us.

2 Ariſe my God, for, thou art my beſt helpe in this extremitie. My friends flock about me, then tarie not; for, thou art the greateſt, and without thee, theſe can doe me no good.

No

No good at all: then be with us, mercifull God, that our indeavours be not vaine.

3 Who ever truſted in the Lord, and was confounded? Whence then come all theſe feares, he ſhould now forſake me in a diſtres ſo great. Though my mother could forget me, yet I know, God will not, as long as my hopes are on him. O Lord, in thee have I truſted; let me never be confounded.

Lord, ſhe ſaith unto thee, thou art my hope and my ſtrong hold. Let then thy faithfulnes and truth be her ſhield and buckler. Thy love excells that of women, yea of mothers. O then let this now feele the effects of thy compaſſions.

4 How could that fruit ſeeme ſo pleaſant unto *Eves* eyes, and ſo good for food, which is ſo ſowre in my intrals? O God, in mercie ſweeten it, that I die not for her ſinfull longing.

Sweeten it gracious God, for the bitternes of thy Sons paſſion: for which let this his purchace live, and not die for Eves *rebellion.*

5 I have one ſin from *Eve*, and manie from my ſelfe, and therefore am I in this caſe; but O good God, forgive me, for Chriſts obedience, her offences and mine: then aſſuage theſe ſorrowes, thou haſt inflicted on my ſexe.

Shall

Shall not the obedience of Christ be of greater effect, then the disobedience of Eve *and our owne transgressions? Judge this, O thou the wise and just Judge of the world, and shew us thy account of Christ, in the remission of our sins, and present ease of our Sister.*

6 Did my mother feele such torments, when she brought me forth unto light? O then pardon me, Lord, if ever I griev'd her and my Father, by my untowardnes and disobedience; which I humbly pray thee, not to requite, by this unborne Childs rebellion.

Have we not been likewise causes of grief to our Parents? O then pardon us, Lord, and use not our Children, as rods to correct us, or as staves to beat us, but rather to beare us.

7 Nature is weake in me. O let then the God of Nature so strengthen it, that I speedily and safely bring forth a wonder of Nature, one, to whom God gave in *Adam* dominion, over Fowle, Fish and Beast.

Let this wonder appeare quickly, O thou the worker of marvells; and let it be indeed a wonder of Nature in a faire complexion, holie conversation.

8 Jesus Son of *David*, have mercie on me and my Child, and bring it safely out of my wombe, to turne my sorrowes into Joy.

Make it an inſtrument of thy glorie and my comfort.

Bleſſed Jeſus, all pow'r is given thee, and ſo thou canſt doe this. Doe it then we pray thee, and make this Child like thee in meekenes and humilitie.

9 Hath now my God left me alone, to make triall of my Patience? Then let it be as a kind Mother tries, whether her Child can ſtand alone, her armes ſpred about its bodie, to uphold it, if it ſtagger. Be not, gracious Lord, farre from me, in this extremitie.

Be not, O God, be not farre now from her, but about her, to direct us; and within her, to comfort her. Have care of her bodie, ſpeak peace unto her ſoule.

10 O God! let not theſe paines and ſorrows ſurmount my patience, and make me forget modeſtie, in words or behaviour, but when I am like to fall, O be readie, to beare me up. Do to my ſoule what theſe to my bodie: compaſſe her with the armes of thy protection; and good Lord, bleſſe theſe charitable hands, which indeavour to doe me good.

So bleſſe our hands, O God, that they doe her skilfull ſervice: ſo bleſſe her ſoule, and ſtrengthen her bodie, that ſhe forget not modeſtie: and ſo

ſo bleſſe us likewiſe, that no idle, fooliſh, wanton, injurious or irreligious words or ſpeeches be amongſt us, but rather ſuch as grace our profeſſion and increaſe our reputation.

11 What pangs are theſe? How my poor heart doth pant! What gripings in my bowells, and ſhakings in all my bodie? Yet I doe hope, they are the forerunners of an exceeding Joy. So Jeſus grant, they be, in my quick and happie deliverie of an Infant, who hereafter love thee his gracious redeemer, and comfort me his now diſtreſt mother.

Her petition is juſt: grant it then ſweet Saviour, in deliv'ring her of this Babe, and making it thy loving Child and hers.

12 I ſuffer much: yet I deſerve farre more, ſhould God regard and reward mine offences, and give them their due puniſhment. But why ſhoulb he doe it, ſince Chriſt his Sonne hath been wounded and kill'd for them? That's the ground of my confidence, and the hope of my Salvation. When I behold Jeſus bleeding to death, yea after death for me, I know, his fathers wrath cannot laſt long 'gainſt me.

If it cannot, if it muſt not, delay not, merciſull Father, to declare by her eaſe, that in thy Son her onelie hope thou art appeas'd.

13 Helpe, helpe, my God and maker. My ſoule is in diſtres, and my bodie greatly weak'ned. Thou haſt wonderfully made them both, O then now ſtrengthen them; that I may againe with cheerfulnes of mind, and vigor of bodie praiſe thy great Name, in the aſſemblie of thy living Saints.

She expects helpe from thee, who haſt made her ſoule and bodie, and deſires it, that ſhe may praiſe thy Name: and is not Lord, her hope well plac'd, and her intention right? Anſwer then both, that we praiſe thee with and for her.

14 Jeſus my Redeemer, thou haſt commanded me to ſeeke, and haſt promiſed, I ſhould find. I ſeeke for ſtrength: I crave eaſe of theſe paines, which have brought me ſo low. Let me then find helpe, and feele eaſe, by a preſent and happie deliverie of the Babe, thou haſt wonderfully made in my wombe, and graciouſly kept ſafe till now.

We beleeve, O Jeſus, that thou art moſt Faithfull, Then let this woman find what upon thy promiſe ſhe ſeekes, ſtrength in weaknes, eaſe of her pains.

15 Thou bleſſed ſpirit, who cam'ſt upon *Marie*, to forme in her chaſt wombe that pure bodie, whoſe bloud was ſhed for my ſoules redemption, vouchſafe to comfort me,

in this my heavines, and ſanctifie me and the Child, which now I labour to bring forth. My Lord, heare me: my God, helpe and bleſſe me.

She begs comfort of thee, the Comforter, and Sanctification of thee, the Sanctifier of the Elect. Canſt thou denie her this? No, no: 'tis thine office, to comfort thoſe, who truly mourne, and ſanctifie them by thy truth, who abhorre their impurities. Then Lord, heare her and us, in making her and us holie, and likewiſe her Infant.

16 How long ſhall theſe pangs continue! Till God in compaſſion behold mine affliction. I muſt wait for his time. He is the Father of mercies, and the God of conſolation. Therefore I doe beleeve, he will lay no more upon me, then he ſees, I am able to beare. O Lord, let thy mercies anſwer my hopes.

Art thou O Lord, the Father of mercies, & the God of conſolation? Then let not her pangs continue, who hath ſo good conceits of thee, and ſo ſtrong hopes in thee.

17 O if I live and eſcape this danger, what ſhall I doe, or not doe, to thanke thee, gracious preſerver? I will doe that, thou haſt commanded me: I will not doe what thou haſt forbid me. I will doe good, and forbeare ill: I will ſeeke Vertue, and ſhun vice. Father,

confirme my vowes, and ſtrengthen my reſolution.

Manie of us haue ſpoken ſo, but few or none haue kept their word. Giue us then Lord, ſorrowfull hearts, for the breach of our Vowes, and ſtrength to keep from this day to our laſt what we haue promis'd thee, and now renew before thy Majeſtie, inuited by this good woman, whoſe vowes we pray thee to confirme.

18 My ſtrength failes me, the ſorrowes of death compaſſe me, Gods hand preſſeth me ſore: yet ſtill I hope, he will reſtore my ſtrength, drive away my ſorrowes, take off his heavie hand, and uphold me with his free Spirit.

Hope is a ſtout porter. Death will come in, but is kept out by hope: ſo death runs about and without, and life lies cloſe within, hoping to keepe the poſſeſſion. If it be thy Pleaſure, & for thy glorie, gracious God, let this ſoule continue to quicken her bode, for the comfort of her huſband, the good of her children, and her owne perfection in knowledge, faith, love, and all good workes.

19 I am feeble and ſore ſmitten; I roare for the diſquietnes of my heart: but thou O Lord, bring thou me out of my diſtres.

Some men roare for help, as Lions for prey, and he who ſees, and ſatisfies the hunger of the beaſt,

beaſt, will conſider the diſtres of the man. Lord, this is our beleefe, and the deſires of our roaring Siſter. O then let it be now, as we beleeve, and ſhe deſires: bring thou her out of her diſtres.

20 I am powred out like water, and all my bones are out of joynt: my heart alſo in the midle of my bowels is like melted wax. I am wearie of my groaning. Then gracious God, for thy ſweet Jeſus ſake, make now an end of all theſe paines, in graciouſly bringing forth my Infant.

Alas poor bones! alas poore heart! Bones out of joint, and heart like melted wax? What can we doe to ſet theſe bones, and conſolide this heart? We doe all what we can, and wilt thou do nothing O Lord, yea being intreated for thy ſweet Jeſus ſake? He hath promiſed otherwiſe, and we beleeve him true. Then gracious God, for thy ſweet Jeſus ſake, make now an end of all theſe paines, in graciouſly bringing forth the Infant, for whoſe coming we wait all here.

21. My eyes grow dim, my tongue cleaves to my gummes, I am in a cold ſweat, tokens of an approaching death. Will thou then Lord, kill me now for my ſins, and not ſave me for thy mercies? Doe thy pleaſure, I will ſtill truſt in thee. If thou deſtroyeſt my bodie, wilt thou not good Lord, ſave

my ſoule? She's thine by creation: ſhe's thine by redemption, and thine againe by gift; for, being mine, I give her unto thee. O Lord, receive her now in grace, that thou maiſt for ever receive her in glorie.

Still worſe and worſe: yet ſtill ſhe hopes and prayes; and can the Lord, be deafe at thoſe ſweet expreſſions of love to him, and confidence in him? No certainely; he's in that pious heart, which conceives them: yea he hath inſpir'd them, and ſo will not, can not diſregard them. Helpe then ſpeedily gracious God, helpe her, who reſignes her ſelfe to thy will, for life or death. Either ſweeten her life, or let her death be precious in thy ſight.

22 Lord, if this is the houre, thou haſt appointed for my laſt, thy holie will be done: receive my ſoule in thy mercie, and help my poore infant, that it live to ſerve thee. But if it muſt likewiſe depart, O God, let thy Sonnes bloud waſh firſt away its originall ſin; then let thy Angells carry us both into faithfull *Abrahams* ſafe boſome. And my good Lord, let theſe my friends, whom I leave behind me, love and ſerve thee ſo well on earth, that they reigne with thee in heaven.

This good woman forgets us not, but prayes hearti-

heartily and wiſely for us. O heare her pray'rs for us, good Lord, and grant her likewiſe what ſhe begs for her ſelfe and her Child. Grant, hers, its and our love to thee, be here ſo true; our ſervice ſo faithfull; that we be made Kings of ſervants, ſhortly partakers of thoſe infinit joyes, which our hearts can deſire, but our ſervices can never deſerve.

Againſt Deſpaire.

23 IS Satan amongſt us, or rather within me, to fright me with the ſenſe of my grievous offences? Why ſlie enemie, why no heaven for me? Because I am a great ſinner? I confeſſe, I am ſuch, as hath often deſerved hell, and thy fearfull torments. But was not Gods Lambe ſlain for me, and is not Gods mercie above my ſins, and his pitie greater then my infirmities? O God, cleanſe my foule ſoule, from all her pollutions; then ſay to her, I am thy ſalvation; and Lord, let now thy glorious Kingdome come.

What hath the Devill to doe here? Away, away, malignant ſpirit, here is nothing for thee. Thou canſt not thruſt deſpaire into that ſoule, which

whjch ſo acknowledges her ſins, that ſhe beleeves Gods mercie above them, and Chriſts bloud ſhed for them. Lord, let her not forſake this faith, but grant, ſhe live and die in it, and bleſſe us with the ſame, or confirme us in it.

Againſt Preſumption.

24 SUbtle Serpent, thou art deceiv'd. If I have done this good, by which thou wilt make my heart ſwell, 'twas by Gods grace, not by my ſtrength; what thankes then are due unto me? Save me O Lord, for thy mercies ſake in thy Chriſt; not becauſe I am good or worthie, but becauſe thou art pitifull. I can challenge nothing, but hell, by reaſon of my ſins; yet I beg thy heaven, through the merits of my Saviour.

Theſe are ſubtilties indeed. Satan can not perſuade her to deſpaire, by reaſon of her ſins: he tries then to make her preſume on her owne worthines, but (as we heare) he is deceiv'd by her, challenging not heaven for workes, but begging it through the merits of Chriſt. Go then Satan, go, thou art foil'd, and with thy help, O God, our good Siſter is victori-

ous

ous. O give her then now or ſhortly the crowne, thou keep'ſt for them who overcome, and make us all of that bleſſed number, who fight a good combat, finiſh their courſe, and keep their faith: that ſo likewiſe we be crownd by thee, righteous Judge.

After the Child is ſafely born.

If it be a Boy, ſay he, his, or him; inſtead of ſhe, hers, her.

1 LIſten my ſoule, to this new melodie: give eare to the ſweet cries of this new-borne Infant. She lives by Gods mercie, and I likewiſe, to heare and behold her. O God, this pleaſant ſight makes me forget all my ſorrowes: therefore I praiſe thy holie name, for thy goodnes towards me and my Child.

We may well laugh at the cries of this babe: for, they are ſignes of life, and ſo we heare, that God hath regarded our praires. Then gracious Lord, receive our praiſes now. Thy love is infinit, thy compaſſions are great, and thy goodnes beyond all conception. O let thy love draw ours, thy

thy compaſſions ſtill releeve all our miſeries, and thy goodnes cover our wickednes.

2 God harth heard my groaning, receiv'd the voice of my ſupplication, and ſhew'd me the fruit of my wombe: O then he ſhall (as long as I live) receive that of my lips, praiſe, honor and glorie.

The Lord hath dealt ſo with manie of us, heard our groaning, receiv'd the voice of our ſupplications, and ſhew'd us the fruits of our wombes. O then let him receive that of our lips, praiſe, honor and glorie; and of our whole perſons, love and ſervice.

3 O Lord God, mercifull and gracious, long-ſuffering and abundant in goodnes and truth, keeping mercie for thouſands, and forgiving iniquitie, and tranſgreſſion and ſin! my intralls yeeld thee thanks, for that thou haſt grac'd them, by the conception of a Child; then eas'd them of the ſame, in graciouſly bringing her forth, to my preſent delight. O grant, it be alſo to my perpetuall joy, in marking her for thine, with the ſeale of thy ſaving grace.

Let the mercifull and gracious God ſhew his abundance of goodnes and truth to us and our Children, to this woman and hers, in granting our deſires and hers,

4 What

4 What ailes the Child, to crie out ſo? Doth ſhe feele anie paine, or foreſee the croſſes and ſorrowes, ſhe's like to find and feele, if ſhe lives long upon this earth? If it be ſo, my babie is not wiſe, to be perplext to day, for what muſt happen to morrow. If the thing may be avoided, then 'tis wiſdome to forecaſt how; if not, 'tis fortitude to encounter it manfully, and beare it patiently. Lord, grant, my Child do ſo. Give her a heart both wiſe and ſtrong: wiſe, to ſhun all thoſe ills, which the craft of the Devill, and the malice of man, yea our own ſins and folies procure us; aud ſtrong, to beare the Croſſe, it ſhall pleaſe thee to lay on her ſhoulders.

We do all want what this mother begs for her Child, wiſdome and fortitude; and ſo crave them of thee, the liberall giver of all good things. Bleſſe us all here with hearts wiſe, to prevent dangers, and ſtrong, to beare adverſities.

5 They are waſhing my Child, to wrap her bodie in fine cloathes: but who ſhall cleanſe her ſoule, and give her her attire? for that's likewiſe polluted and naked. That is thy part, O God the Creator of the ſpirits. Her ſpots are ſuch, that nothing but human bloud

bloud can waſh them cleane: and what man is there, who would die, to give his bloud for that Office? And ſhould anie man be ſo charitable, yet his bloud would not ſerve; unles he were both God and man. O then my God, let the bloud of Jeſus the Son of *David*, from certaine hundred yeares, and thine from all eternitie, waſh throughly the ſoule of my Child, from her originall ſin, and alſo cleanſe her of all thoſe, ſhe may hereafter commit, in the bodie of death. Then Lord, clothe her with holines, righteouſnes, wiſdome and all other good qualities, wherewith thou didſt endue *Adam* and *Eve*, in the day of their creation: and good God, grant, my Child increaſe daily in wiſdome and ſtature, and in favor with thee and man.

Our ſoules likewiſe are defild and naked; therefore at our Siſters imitation, we pray thee, Lord Jeſus, to waſh them with thy bloud, and cloth them with thy righteouſnes, yea with all thoſe vertues requiſit to pleaſe thee and men.

6 *Is* my Child dreſt? Have my friends covered her nakednes? And to what purpoſe, ſince ſhe is not yet ſenſible of the ſhame, which made *Adam* and *Eve* hide themſelves in Eden? But I perceive, they will arme her

'gainſt

'gainſt cold weather. Indeed of all Gods creatures, man needs more art, to preſerve or decke his bodie: but his folie is ſuch, that he turneth need into pride, never content with that, which may cover his ſhame, or ſhelter him from heat and cold, unles it feed his vanitie. Let not O Lord, my Child be led away by that common error. Let her in her attire love what's decent, ſeek what's needfull, and reject that which is ſuperfluous, never being ſo childiſh or ſenſeles as to glorie in apparel. All theſe requeſts made for my Child, I humbly preſent unto thee, for me thy poor ſervant, and alſo for thy Church, as farre as they are fit for us.

This Child is finely dreſt: yet ſhe's not proud of her attire: as manie of us are, yea perhaps all. As we are ſo, we confeſſe our folies, O Lord, and crave thy aſſiſtance againſt this baſe, yet common kind of pride. And what we beg for us in this and other things, we beg for this woman, and child and all our friends: and what we crave for her and her Infant, and may concerne us and others, we crave alſo for us and ours, yea for all thy Elect.

Her Bleſsing.

When the Child is brought unto her.

I Hold with delight in my armes what with anguiſh I felt lately in my intrals, a child given me by the Lord. And becauſe her life may de ſuch, as ſhall hereafter renew my ſorrowes, unles my God bleſſe her, I lift up both my heart and eyes, to the giver of all good things, humbly deſiring him, to looke in mercie on my babe, and in the throne of his glorie confirme what in the bed of my weaknes I doe now beg for her.

God the Father keepe thee my Child, from all thy ſpirituall and corporall Enemies: from the Devill and evill men, and whatſoever may hurt thee.

God the Son indue thee with wiſdome, and applie to thy ſoule the infinit merits of his holie life and bloudie death.

God the holie Ghoſt ſanctifie thee throughout both in ſoule and bodie: ſo that thy thoughts, affections, words, actions be alwayes blameles in his ſight.

My God bleſſe thee with a faithfull, vertuous and Chriſtian mind; with a healthie, ſtrong, ſtraight,

ſtraight, handſome bodie; with moderat riches, to live honorably and ſweetly amongſt thy neighbours; without diſgrace, toile, anguiſh, miſerie: yet not in idlenes, exces, pride, crueltie.

Their Bleſsing.

THe Lord bleſſe and keep thee, ſweet Child The Lord make his face ſhine on thee, and be gracious to thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

The Midwives Exhortation.

THe worke is done, the Child borne, and the mother ſafe, and ſo each of us may retire, except thoſe few, who are appointed for longer ſervice. Yet before we depart, let us againe joyntly praiſe our good God, for his bleſſing on our labor; and alſo beſeech him, to be ſtill gracious to us all.

Her Prayer.

LOving Father, We might have been ſad Spectators of the wages of ſin, in the death of theſe two, and now we behold them alive. Death we could not prevent, life we could not preſerve, without thy gracious help. We then aſcribe thee the glorie of their ſafetie, praiſe thee for thy goodnes to them, and thy aſſiſtance to us all. Continue theſe, we beſeech thee, ſtaying with them, going with us, bleſſing us all with knowledge, faith, love, holines, health, ſtrength, handſomnes, and other neceſſarie means to a Chriſtian and happie life.

Another Thankeſgiving and Prayer.

I Have prayed and cried to the Lord, and he hath heard my crie, and granted my requeſt. O let therefore his name be bleſt. And thou O my ſoule, praiſe the Lord, and all things within me ſing praiſes unto him: for he hath turn'd my heavines into joy, and hath girded me with gladnes. He hath changed my

my ſorrow into mirth, my bitternes into ſweetnes, and hath brought my ſoule out of Hell: *Therefore my God, I doe praiſe thee; my preſerver, I doe thank thee. My eyes do at laſt ſee what my intrals have felt ſo long, a prettie Child, a man after Gods owne Image. O what comfort unto my ſoule, after her deadlie feares! what joy to my poor heart, after his long panting! what delicious object unto my weeping eyes to behold a ſweet babe, as a reward of my labor, a baniſher of my preſent ſorrowes, a drier of my tears. This Child ſweetens my bitternes, and makes me forget my diſtres. See Lord, how finely ſhe lookes. She's thy creature: therefore come Lord, come, and rejoice with me. And becauſe thy Child often cries, and I alſo am weak, and ſtill in paine and feare: bring with thee ſome good thing to quiet her, and ſtrengthen me, that I may the better attend her. Thy bleſſing O my God; thy bleſſing for me and my deare Infant. Help me to nurſe her well. Keep my breaſt from ſorenes and bleſſe my milk, for the food of my Cild. O rock my babe a ſleep, and make her little bed. Keep her from all dangers and ſickneſſes incident to this tender age, and as ſhe ſhall grow in bodie, ſo let her increaſe in judgement. Give her both bodilie fa or and ſpirituall goodnes; combine in her corporall*

*ſtrength and the ſoules fortitude. Teach her dutie to thee, loyaltie to her Prince, honor to her father and me, reſpect unto the Miniſters of thy word, truth to her friends, meeknes to her enemies, bountie to the needie, love to all men, and warines in her dealings with men. * And (if it be thy bleſſed will) I do heartily beſeech thee, to reſtore me by her long, ſweet and vertuous life what the death of my firſt Child hath long ſince taken from my heart. Lord, comfort me in this, as thou didſt afflict me in that. Yet whatſoever may happen, grant, that both this and her Parents be after this poore life receiv'd, where I do conceive the firſt is, even in thy glorious heaven, the bleſſed ſeat of endles joyes and infinit pleaſures; to crie to thee continually with thine Angels and Saints, Holie, holie, holie, Lord God of Sabbaoth: heaven and earth are full of the majeſtie of thy glorie.*

* This is onely fit for thoſe, whoſe firſt Children are dead, as was my eldeſt ſon. Yet it may alſo fit thoſe who have loſt their laſt Child, or anie other, changing a word or few.

When

When the child ſucks.

1. MIlke is the food, God hath ordain'd for new-borne babes. *O then good Lord, bleſſe mine, that my Child grow by it.*.

2. It delights me to ſee my Child ſucking: yet my pleaſure is not without dolor: for, my nipples are both ſo ſhort, that my babie drawes them with paine to her and me; and ſo tender, that her ſoft lips pluck off the skin: *Therefore my God, I humbly beſeech thee, to eaſe us both. O let thy mightie hand which hath formed me in all parts, touch graciouſly my breaſts and nipples, ſoftening the firſt, when they are too hard; hardening the laſt when they are too ſoft. and drawing them being too ſhort. My Lord, help me; my God, pitie my poor Infant.*

3. Hath my ſweet heart done alreadie? I ſee, little food doth ſerve thee. Indeed, ſhould man live according to wiſe natures lawes, he would be content with few things. *Lord, let my Child do ſo. Let her loath drunkenneſſe, and account gluttonie fitter for pigs then men. Let her affect moderation in her diet, neither ſuperſtitiouſly ſuffering her heat to be diminiſht, for want of ſufficient food; nor greedily*

dily drown'd by too much.

4. This Child ſucks often in the night, and ſo breaking my ſleep keeps me weak and craſie: *But thou my maker, ſtrengthen me; that cheerfully I may overcome the labor, whoſe conceit makes manie women fearfull, to nurſe their owne Infants. O God, if my babe lives, let her well conſider what I have done for her, and indeavour a requitall, by a true obedience; and grant, that both mother and child do often meditate what Chriſt hath ſuffred for our ſouls, and ſo ſtrive to doe that, which may be pleaſant in thy ſight.*

5 Did Chriſt the ſpotles lamb of God hang ſo upon his holie mothers breaſt? *O then let him now look from his glorious heaven upon my ſucking babe, remembring, it was for her ſake, that once he needed the like food. Then I beleeve, he will bleſſe her, and make her a lambe in innocence, to offer injuries; and in patience, to ſuffer wrongs.*

6 I have (by Gods grace) two good breaſts; ſome women have but one, or but the uſe of one: none have three, unles they be monſters. There are on earth Churches or Sects of theſe three ſorts. Our Engliſh Church hath two full breaſts, the Old Teſtament and the New; whence her children ſuck

ſuck the ſincere milk of Gods word, and grow by it in all ſpirituall graces. Old Hieruſalem hath but one, the Law of God given unto her by *Moſes:* therefore Jewes are like ſtarv'd children, for want of ſufficient food; ſince the Law makes nothing perfect, and is now but a hard and drie breaſt. New Rome hath three, both Teſtaments and mens traditions and decrees. And this being ſtrouted out above the two others, her children daily ſwill from it an unwholſome liquor, which breeds ill bloud and groſſe ſubſtance. *Good God, let never my Child take that teat: but grant, ſhe draw thoſe two faire breaſts: which are in the warme, white and pure boſome of thy reformed Church. Teach and help her to keep the Law, and for its breach relie on Chriſt, and leane upon his Croſſe, and not upon the rotten ſtaves of Romiſh aſſurance. Let her in Religion reject all mens Doctrines which are beſides thy holie word.*

7 My Child hath ſuckt enough, and therefore muſt ſay grace; but the ſillie Infant can not yet performe that dutie: Ile doe it then for her. *My God, I bleſſe thee for theſe drops of milke, thou haſt given me for my Babe. O let her kindly digeſt it, grow ſhortly fit for ſtronger meat, and in her growth attain to the knowledge & love of thee.*

Her Morning Pray'r

THat greater light, thou mightie God, haſt made to rule over the day, is come againe to cleare the aire, and begin a new day. O that thy holie Spirit would now do in my ſoule what the Sun doth to this part of the world. He diſcovers what was hidden, ſcattereth miſts, and ſo checres up all things, that they (as it were) revive at his preſence. So let thy Spirit work the like effects in my heart. Let him ſhew me my ſecret ſins, that I loath them; purge all my thoughts and affections, that they pleaſe thee; and ſo ſtrengthen mine inward man, that I live anew in thee, to thee, for thee. And this being done, look gracious Father upon my weake bodie, and in compaſſion ſtrengthen it, for thy ſervice and the attendance of my Child, whom (with my heartie thanks unto thy majeſtie for my preſervation and hers) I commend to thy paternall love to us, in thy beloved Son Jeſus, in whoſe name and words I conclude theſe ſhort prayers. Our Father.

Her Bleſsing on the Meat.

LEt my Lord and Father give his bleſſing to theſe creatures and me: to them, that they nouriſh and ſtrengthen me: to me, that I love and ſerve him. Let my Babe be thus bleſt.

You may have more in my Dailie Devotion, pag.62.&c. & 69.70.

Grace after Meat.

I Preſent thee, moſt loving God, my praiſes and prayers: praiſes for my preſent appetit, meat and good thoughts; and prayers for continuation of thy bleſſings both corporall and ſpiritvall on me and my Infant. Be ſtill carefull of me, that ſo I be faithfull to thee, and live content; and ſo let my Child be and live.

Her Evening Prayer.

ALL things are againe wrapt in darkenes: therefore men leave their workes, and ſeek

ſeek by ſleep to refreſh their wearied bodies, I do the like good Lord; I deſire to reſt now after that noble and painefull worke of bringing forth a Child. I have but few dayes ſince undergone the labor, and borne the great ſorrowes, thou haſt in thy juſtice inflicted on my ſex: O then in thy mercie let me find eaſe by ſleep, and receive ſtrength by reſt. Let no carefull thoughts of my mind or weaknes of my fleſh keep me this night awake, but to attend my Child, whom I pray thee to bleſſe likewiſe, with a ſweet ſleep, and protect with me from all harme. Heare me gracious Father, for Chriſt thy deare Childs ſake. Our Father.

When ſhe awakes and can not ſleep.

IS my ſleep gone from me? *O then my God, let my mind wake to thee. Fill my heart with good thoughts; that ſo I get ſpirituall ſtrength, from corporall infirmities. Yet I moſt humbly beſeech thee to cloſe mine eyes againe, till my bodie be well refreſht.*

When

When her friends come to visit her.

1 IS this room cleane to receive now my friends? But O blind soule! is thy heart cleane, to entertaine thy God; or is thy God worse then thy friends, that thou shouldst not take care, to find him a handsome lodging? *My Lord, my God, shall I ever be carefull and troubled about sleight things, yet neglecting that needfull busines, my soules eternall salvation? How long, how long shall I make more of the bodie, then of the mind, and regard more the friends and allies of the flesh, then the Creator of the spirit? O God, who seest the holie desires of my heart, strengthen me with thy pow'r; that I do the good, which I would, and do not the evill, which I would not.*

2 These come to visit me, and (no doubt) offer me what may be expected of friends. Yet should I put them to anie hard or base office, they would perhaps shew me, their friendship is but in their lips, and so I might turne their cold or fained love, into hot and open hatred, and heare words of anger from them, who are now come to comfort me. I

have

have a friend, which doth farre otherwiſe. Night and day he waits upon me, readie to doe what no other either can, or will undertake. He ſees the loathſome foulenes of my heart; yet if I but intreat him to make it cleane, he does it inſtantly, with his owne bloud; yea ſo often, that as I may wonder, at his infinit love; ſo I may tremble, at the conſideration of my unthankſulnes. *Jeſu, the beſt friend of my ſoule! how long ſhall I put thy glorious majeſtie, unto the baſe office, of cleanſing my impurities? This day my God, I will amend: this verie houre I'le ſet a watch over my heart, that no foule thing may hereafter defile it. Watch thou with me, leaſt* I *doe watch in vaine.*

3 I muſt give theſe ſome thing to eat and drinke, otherwiſe they will think, I uſe them unkindly. And ſhould my God fare worſe then they, and not take exception? He ſhall then have what (I beleeve) he loves. *Here is my Lord, a broken ſpirit, a contrite heart, for my grievous offences againſt thy majeſtie. This* I *freely give thee as a ſweet ſmelling ſacrifice. But gracious God, what good handſaile wilt thou give thy handmaid? Lord, give me that, without which* I *can not live to thee: create in me a cleane heart, and renew*

new within me a right and constant Spirit.

Upon the watching of the Child, for feare it be chang'd by Fairies, or dye before it be baptiz'd.

1 WE have yet in some places this error from our grandsires, who either in blind superstition, or politique wisdome, would watch their children not yet baptiz'd, least Fairies should change, or at least pinch them. If such feare was the cause of their watch, they were most blind: but if by that fiction, they would make their wives and nurses carefull of their new-borne Infants, whom the lest thing might then annoy; they were craftie fellowes. Yet they did ill, to bring in by sleight an error, which still remaines in manie sillie braines. *Grant Lord, my head be alwayes free from such foolish and superstitious apprehensions; and grant likewise, they be shortly blot out in the minds of all men, chiefely of this Nation, with*

with all other ſuch and worſe things, our ill-taught people hold, either from their ignorant fore-fathers, or from fantaſticall ſtrangers, whoſe religion is mixt with ſuperſtitious rites and conceited beleefes; and who reward our courteſie, in entertaining them, by teaching us pride in our apparell, exces in our diet, doubts in our Religion.

2 Who hold, children dying without Baptiſme are confin'd to a place, where they'le never ſee God, may well watch them both night and day, that in caſe they ſhould marke them like to depart, they call the Prieſt, Midwife, Nurſe, or the like, to baptize the dying infant, as our Recuſants do. As for me, though I will not deferre to let my Child receive the Sacrament of the remiſſion of her ſin; yet if ſhe ſhould dye unbaptiz'd, I would not thinke her loſt: for, I beleeve, that Gods mercie is not ty'd to the Sacraments, and that thouſands were in the Jewiſh Church, and are in the Chriſtian, under the Covenant of God, who yet never receiv'd the ſignes of it. Yet I will (in love, not in ſuperſtition) watch carefully, that no bodilie harme befall my Child. *Thou, whoſe all-ſeing eye diſcovers things future as paſt, and whoſe omnipotence no power can with-*

ſtand

ſtand, vouchſafe to take care of my babe, and remove from this place, whatſoever may annoy her.

Before the Baptiſme of the Child.

BEcauſe my Child hath been ſhapen in iniquitie, and in ſin conceived by me, I ſend her O Lord, to thy houſe, there to receive the Sacrament, of regeneration. I beſeech thee my God, to waſh her ſin, in the bloud of thy Son. O let my Babe be borne anew, both of water and of the Spirit; that ſhe now enter into thy Kingdome of grace, if ſhe be not alreadie in, and hereafter into that of glorie. Mortifie in her ſoule the old Adam, *in whom ſhe's borne a Child of wrath; then revive in her heart the new, in whom ſhe is thy Child by grace of adoption. And becauſe ſhe is now carried to be baptiz'd in the faith of her parents, Lord, I beleeve for her; help thou my unbeleefe. I beleeve in thee, God the Father, maker of heaven and earth: in thee, God the Son, the onelie Saviour of mankind: in thee, God the holie Ghoſt, the comforter of thine Elect. O let my Child be baptiz'd*

in

in this faith, and in the whole beleefe of the holie Catholick Church, which by thy grace is mine, and which I purpoſe to teach this Infant. Lord, confirme in heaven, what the Miniſter of thy word ſhall ſhortly ſay in her behalfe. Receive my Child for thine, write her name in the booke of life, print thy ſeale in her forehead, and make her a member of that Church, which hath Chriſt for her head, the Sun for her garment, the Moone for her footſtoole, twelve ſtarres for her crowne, Heaven for her reward.

After the Baptiſme.

I Humbly thanke thee gracious God, for this thy favor to my Child, and withall intreat thee, that when ſhe come to age, thou wilt vouchſafe to help her with thy grace, in the performance of thoſe things, ſhe hath now promis'd thee. Let the horrors of hell ſo terrifie her ſoul, that ſhe never liſten nor yeeld unto the Devills tentations, Let the laſting joyes of heaven ſo raviſh her whole heart, that the fading pompes of the world be never able to move it: and let her ſo delight in the graces of the ſpirit, that ſhe take

take no pleaſure in the fleſh, to fulfill the ill luſts of it. O let her often conſider, wherefore thou haſt made her, and being loſt, redeemed her; that in that ſerious thought, ſhe ſtrive to live undefiled on earth. So be it moſt righteous Father, for Chriſt thy deare Sonnes ſake.

Her Upſitting.

I Will magnifie thee O God, for thou haſt ſet me up, and not made my foes triumph over me. No doubt Satan would have brought my life to an end, and my ſoule unto hell, hadſt thou not kept him off, and granted me a larger time both to live and repent. O then my lips praiſe thee, and my heart yeelds thee thankes, for thy compaſſions towards me. Let me O Lord, never forget the danger, I was in lately; leaſt ſo I forget thy mercies in my preſervation, and my vowes for my converſion, from all thoſe vices, unto which I am addicted. Thou haſt ſo ſtrengthened my bodie, that I am now upon my feet, readie to make my ſelfe merrie with theſe my friends. O deale ſo with my ſoule: reſtore her former health, and indue her with thoſe vertues, which are oppoſite to my vices. Renew her

in knowledge, righteousnes and true holines. Let her so rejoice in her expected salvation, that my bodie receive a taste of her vertuous pleasures: and let my bodie so feast now, for his present safetie; that my soule take no harme, by his recreation. Keep me and these from all unseemlie mirth, wanton discourses, slanderous speeches, excessive eating and drinking, the ordinarie end of such meetings and gossippings. O let not these and the like be the fruits, I render thee for thy mercifull protection: but rather Lord, grant, this verie day I begin to doe that, which in the midst of my sorrowes I vow'd to do, seek vertue, and shun vice. Grant the like to my babe, when she is come to age to discerne good from ill; let her wisely chuse the first, and constantly shun the second. And whilst she is a Child, yea as long as she lives, give thy Angels charge over her, to keep her in all her wayes: yea beare her thy selfe in thy armes, nurse her in thy bosome, and let thy eyes watch over her, that nothing do her harme.

A Lullabie.

To the Tune of the blazing Torch is ſoon burnt out.

Gentlewomen,

SEek not wit in my ſongs: for, I am but a dull Poet; neither be (I pray) offended, that they are made upon the tunes of wanton or fooliſh Ditties: for in this I will imitat the firſt Chriſtians, who dedicated unto God the Temples built for their Idols; and in this againe I do, as we muſt doe all, turne the meanes of unrighteouſnes to good and godlines. If my bodie hath been the member of a harlot by fornication, and of Satan by anie other ſin, I muſt not deſtroy it, but make it the member of Chriſt, and temple of the Holie Ghoſt, by an unfained converſion from all dead workes, unto vertuous affections and actions. So I would doe with thoſe fine tunes, on which the Devills Poets have made ſongs, to draw us to wantonneſſe and drunkennes; not forbid them to Gods people, but compoſe on them ſuch verſes, as might teach their ſingers to ſue to God for grace, and not Court faire wenches for luſt; and to praiſe

their bleſſed maker, and not flatter a lewd Miſtreſſe. Beſides, I thinke, that though we may diſcerne ſad tunes from the merrie; yet there's no diſcretion betweene modeſt and unchaſt aires, if they be ſung, without their words.

1 *GOd the Creator of all things*
Vouchſafe my Child to keep.
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings
Lull my ſweet Babe aſleep.
O let my God give his bleſſing
Unto my harmles Child;
That for her ſafetie I may ſing,
And thankes to the Lord yeeld.

2 Sleep is well cal'd th' image of death;
For, as ſleeping I reſt
From my labors; ſo when my breath
Is quite out of my breaſt:
Then my bodie is laid in earth,
To reſt till the laſt day,
And my ſoule to heaven with mirth
Is led without delay;

3 If yet I have liv'd in ſuch wiſe,
As the Lord doth command,
Reſiſting his and mine en'mie,

With the help of his hand:
If not, my wretched ſp'rit is caſt
In hell-devouring fire,
With bitternes of heart to taſt
A cup full of Gods ire.

4 But my heart trembles at this thought;
Therefore up to the skies
To him, who my ſoule dearely bought,
I lift both heart and eyes,
Intreating thus. *Lord, let thy grace*
So help my Child and me,
That the horrors of ſuch hot place,
We neither feele nor ſee.

5 *Grant here, we ſo holily live,*
That when our death is come,
Thou maiſt in mercie our ſoules give
A favourable doome.
Grant faith and hope in Chriſts paſſion
And infinit merits,
That thou maiſt in thy compaſſion,
In death receive our ſp'rits.

6 *In the meane while, let thy ſtrong arme*
Keep them from Satans clawes,
And defend our bodies from harme,
And what great griefes doth cauſe.

O let alſo thy ſweet bleſſing
Be on our Church and Land.
Our friends, paſtors, nobles and King
Be kept by thy right hand.

Another.

To the tune of Bellou my Babe, lie ſtill and ſleep.

1 MY Child is ſleepie, as I thinke;
For, I ſee, ſhe begins to winke,
And often yawnes, which are the markes,
To know when men will leave their carkes,
And refreſh their wearied bodies,
By a kind ſleep, which ſhuts their eyes,
And ſo their ſenſes deads,
That cares flie from their heads.

2 I will therefore lay downe my Child,
Whoſe aſpect is moſt ſweet and mild,
As of one, whoſe heart's without guile;
That quietly ſhe ſleep a while.
The bed's well made, and I doe know,
This is a verie ſoft pillow.
Sleep then ſweet Babe, who art

The comfort of my heart.

3 I will watch, that no dog nor cat
Gnaw bones now here, or hunt a rat.
Thou little curre, thou muſt be gone;
And thou black puſſe, let mice alone.
I rather, they ſhould eat my cheeſe,
Then wake my Child. Here are thy fees;
Cleanſe this diſh with thy tongue,
Then lie here all along.

4 But gentle puſſe, beware to ſtirre;
Yet thou maiſt ſoftly mew or purre,
Whilſt I do ſing thus merrily,
And to my Babe look warily.
Leaſt anie thing ſhould do her harme,
I'le ſpread over her my right arme.
Let her makers good will
Keep her ſtill from all ill.

5 Husband, turne not ſo hard the leaves
Of thy bookes; for, thine Infant heaves
Her little lims, as halfe awake;
Therefore deare heart, for pitie ſake
Forbeare all noiſe, beware to cough
Too loud, or ſpeak, or likewiſe laugh.
I'le doe the like, leaſt I
Should cauſe our Child to crie.

6 Alas poor Babe, 'twere great abuſe,
Thy ſweet reſt ſhould be let by us,
Who by the lawes of courteſie
And nature too muſt cheriſh thee.
Sleep then my Child, ſleep and enjoy
A pleaſant reſt without annoy.
Let good Angells thee keep,
When thou doſt wake and ſleep.

While the Child ſleeps.

1 ALL my child can doe now is to ſuck and ſleep; but I hope, ſhe will hereafter eat and drink, but to live; and ſleep and reſt, but to worke the better. *Grant my God, ſhe do ſo; in the meane time, let her now take ſweet reſt, to refreſh her little bodie. Watch over her, and ſpread upon this place the long armes of thy protection.*

2 Now my Child thinks no harm; for, ſhe is faſt aſleep. Now ſhe can do no ill; therefore is ſhe happie. O no, not ſo: for, he's not bleſt, who does no ill, unles he doth ſome good. Flight from vice is nothing, in matter of our ſalvation; unles we do follow vertue. *O Lord, let my Babe think ſhortly on this,*

and

and firſt ſtrive to ſhun vice, then practiſe all vertue, and ground vertue on faith.

3 I thinke my infant breathes kindly; and ſo I beleeve, ſhe is well. Aire is an element without which we can not long bodily live, and he is in more perfect health, who receives it in more freely, without anie ſtopping. Gods grace is the ſoules aire, without which ſhe is dead. Happie is ſhe, who free from wordlie affections, wanton thoughts and malicious plots, breathes freely in and out the grace of her Maker: in, for her owne ſtrengthening in vertue; and out, in all good workes, for the exemple of others. *O God, let ſtill my Child take in kindly the breath of life thou haſt breathed in her noſtrills, to live here long in health; and alſo receive in her ſoule the graces of thy ſpirit, to think and worke alwayes what is moſt pleaſant in thy ſight. Keep her (I beſeech thee) from being ſtifled or overlayd, and for Chriſts ſake regard her life, both for the length and the ſweetnes of it.*

4 As this Child lies, if anie man offer her abuſe with words of ſcorne, ſhe can not heare it, becauſe ſhe ſleeps; nor underſtand, becauſe ſhe's young. And if the abuſe come to the ſenſe of feeling, ſhe can in no wiſe repell it, or revenge her ſelfe, but by making

wrie

wrie mouthes, and lifting up weake cries, becauſe both ſhe wants ſtrength, and is wrapt in ſwath-bands. Should our roarers and ſwaggerers conſider, they have been in this caſe, and muſt be ſhortly in a worſe, they would (I beleeve) ſpare their ſtrength, for the ſervice of them, in whoſe ruine they bend all their ſinewes. *O God, let my infant ſo remember both her cradle and grave; that ſhe beare patiently the injuries, others may hereafter offer her, and carefully beware to offend anie man. If ſhe be ſtrong of bodie, purſe or friends, let her be farre ſtronger of mind; wiſely conſidering, that as it is better to give, then to receive favors; ſo 'tis more Chriſtian-like, to ſuffer, then to perſecute; and in evill to be a patient, then an agent.*

When her child Awakes.

MY Child is now awake, and will be taken up. I thanke thee, ſweet Father, for her reſt and preſervation, and intreat thee to continue thy loving care of her, that whether ſhe ſleeps or wakes, ſhe be protected by thy pow'r.

A Morning Song in dreſsing her Child.

To the tune of Bonnie Nell.

1 VP my ſweet Babe, and in my lap
Lie, or ſit, whilſt thy milke or pap
Shall boile, and whilſt I'le thee attire
Moſt handſomely before this fire.
Where's the basket, where I did lay
What my Infant muſt weare this day?

2 Here is a bib, band, cuffes and ſhirt,
All cleane from ſpots of greaſe or dirt.
I'le aire them firſt; for, being warme
They ſhall doe much good, and no harme.
I ſhall truly rejoyce to ſee,
How prettily they'le become thee.

3 Nibble with thy gums this ſoft bread,
Whilſt I ſhall rub thy little head,
And waſh thy hands, neck, eares and face,
And make thee cleane in everie place.
Crie not Babe, as Childrens uſe is,
And I'le give thee a loving kiſſe.

4 Yea thou ſhalt have of kiſſes ſtore:
I will reckon them by the ſcore.
One, two, three, foure, five, ſix and ſev'n;
But ſoft: my thoughts are fixt on heav'n
To pray God, that with his right arme,
He keep this day my Child from harme.

5 *Lord, from whom all good things proceed,*
And whoſe eyes ſee what we doe need,
Look to my babe, that nothing may
Hurt her ſoule or bodie this day,
Thou God, who art the King of Kings,
Keep this Infant under thy wings.

Another Morning Song for the Lords Day.

To the ſame tune.

1 MY Child muſt have her beſt array,
Becauſe this is a holie-day,
In which we commonly rejoice
'Mongſt our neighbors with heart and voice;
And alſo meet in the Lords houſe,
To offer him joyntly our vowes.

2 And therefore it is our cuſtome,
To look that decently we come
Into the preſence of the Lord,
To praiſe his name, and heare his word.
Happie is he, who does his part,
To carie thither a cleane heart.

3 For, God is a ſp'rit, who doth view
More the inward, then outward ſhew:
Therefore ſweet Babe, if thou doſt live,
Practiſe theſe counſells, I thee give.
Goe not to Church with a foule mind;
Leaſt thy damnation there thou find.

4 View well all thy ſins, then repent,
And ſee thy heart be fully bent
To mend thy life, and him love, ſerve,
Who ſo well doth of thee deſerve.
He hath made and redeemed thee;
By him thine eares heare, thine eyes ſee.

5 Then let theſe eares be attentive
To what is ſaid and do not give
Thine eyes leave, to gad wantonly,
As manie do too commonly.
Were they in the Princes preſence,
They would beware, to give offence.

6 Princes are great in their Empire;
Yet are but a handfull of mire
To him, who hath made the whole world,
And whoſe word muſt not be control'd:
Then give him that reſpect at leſt,
Thou wouldſt render a Princelie gueſt.

7 Though thou ſeeſt not God, yet he doth
Behold thy ſoule and bodie both.
Therefore deare Child, ſee that no fault
He find in thy eares, eyes, heart, thought.
I wiſh, my God grant thee to do,
As I warne thee, and better too.

An Evening Song, in undreſsing her Child.

To the ſame tune.

1 NOw the Sun hath with-drawne his (beams,
Which heat aire, earth, rivers & ſtreams:
Now inſtead of his pleaſant light,
All things are dark'ned by the night;
Therefore I will my Child undreſſe,
Whom God vouchſafe ever to bleſſe.

2 Come ſweet Infant, let me unpin
The cloaths and clouts, thou art wrapt in,
To warme thy bodie I deſire,
And ſee thy lims ſtretcht by this fire.
Alas poore heart! thy feet are cold:
On young and old coldnes layes hold.

3 Warme then thy ſelfe, moſt deare babie
That in bed with a Lullabie,
I may put thee, there for to reſt,
Like a prettie bird in her neſt.
I ſee, thy harmeles eyes are cloſe;
Then I'le lay thee downe to repoſe.

4 *Let the Lords Angells looke to thee:*
Farre from this place let all harme be.
Let God himſelfe my Child thee keep,
And bleſſe this night with a ſound ſleep.
Let him ſay Amen to my Song,
And grant, thy life be ſweet and long.

Before ſhe goes to the Temple.

THis is the day my ſoule, thou wilt appeare before thy God, in the houſe, he hath chos'n, for his ſpeciall Worſhip. O then

then conſider now how dreadfull is that place. It is a holie ground in this holie reſpect: therefore put off thy ſhooes. Put off thy hearts ill affections, leave here thy worldlie cares; thy buſie thoughts, all carnall luſt. Draw not nigh thither with ſuch things, as ſhould draw Gods anger on thee; but with an upright heart, innocent hands, ſimple eyes, warie eares, modeſt tongue, ſuch as God doth both love and bleſſe. Yet if thou wantſt ſuch heart, hands, eyes, eares, tongue, carie with thee a broken ſpirit, confeſſe thy wickednes, be ſorrie for thy ſins, and turne unto the Lord, truſting in his mercie, through the bloud of his Son. *O God, who requireſt truth in the inward parts, and ſearcheſt the reines and the heart, thou ſeeſt, I am not ſo good, as I ſhould; but farre worſe, then I would. Help then my Lord, help me to get goodnes, and ſhun all wickednes: that ſo I may now and ever after go to thy houſe, to praiſe thy name for thy mercie towards my ſoule and bodie, with a mind ſo well affected to vertue, and a fleſh ſo well tam'd, that thou caſt downe thy gracious eyes upon my ſacrifice of thanksgiving, and bow thy mercifull eares unto the deſires of my heart, and the words of my lips.*

When

VVhen ſhe is in the Church or Temple.

I Will worſhip God in his Temple, and here praiſe my good Lord, who hath kept me from the power of death. I might before this day have been brought hither with mourning, a dead woman into this Church, *had not thy gracious hand (O God of all comfort) borne me ſafely, through the danger of Child-bearing; ſo that I am now come with joy, waited on by my friends, to yeeld thee humble thankes, for my preſervation. Honor and Majeſtie are before thee, Strength and Beautie are in thy Sanctuarie. Thou art a good & pow'rfull God. In thy goodnes thou haſt ſpared my life; and in thy pow'r thou haſt reſtored me my health: O then my ſoul doth now praiſe thee, and all my limmes rejoyce in thee. Receive O Lord my ſacrifice of praiſe and thanksgiving. And becauſe to obey is better then ſacrifice, and to hearken unto thy voice, more pleaſant in thy ſight, then to praiſe thee with lips, O let my perfect obedience to thy whole Law be my beſt thankefulnes. Let me with my lips declare all thy judgements, and ſet forth thy mercies; and*

with all the faculties of my ſoul & the members of my bodie have reſpect unto all thy Commandements. Grant me this gracious God, for Chriſt my Saviours ſake.

For the firſt day ſhe caries her Child to the Church

HOlie Father! looke graciouſly on this Infant, I have of late receiv'd from thee, Though ſhe be mine, yet ſhe is chiefly thine, for, both thou haſt made her, and I reſigne her unto thee. My deſire is, to ſee my Babe live in good faſhion in the world; and therefore I will preſent her to ſome great Lord, becauſe my meanes are ſhort, to raiſe her to a great eſtate. But our nobilitie regard ſo little the preferment of their ſervants, that I know not, to whom I may commend my Child. Thou art therefore that mightie Lord, O God the King of heaven and earth, to whom I am reſolv'd to commit the care of my Babe. O receive her now at my hands, and inroll her in thy ſervice. To ſerve thee is to reigne; and what more glorious then a Crown? Thy ſervants are a royall Prieſthood; and what more noble here then Kings, and ſhould be

more holie then Priests? O then let my Infant ever serve thee; that she may reigne a while on earth over her unrulie passions, immoderate desires, ungodlie affections; and for ever in heaven, over hunger and thirst, heat and cold, want and sadnes, paine and sicknes, crosse and adversitie. Jesu, the Son of God and Man, take this Child in the gracious armes of thy protection: lay upon her thy hands of love and pow'r; and blesse her (I pray thee) with the upper and nether springs: with the dew of heaven, and fatnes of the earth; with vertue in the soule, with health, beautie and strength in the bodie, and with meanes to live without want. Thou holie Ghost proceeding both from the Father and Son, descend upon my Child like a Dove, to make her life pure and harmles; and like fire to kindle in her breast the flames of divine love. O holie, blessed and glorious God, love, blesse and keep my Child, and adopt her for thine.

At the sight of her Sons Grave.

This was particular to my Wife, yet may fit those, who have buried their first Child.

IT was thine Ordinance, O wise disposer of all things, that the first-borne of the children of

Iſrael ſhould be ſanctified to thee, as being chiefly thine. Although that law was but ceremoniall, and ſince Chriſts death be of no force amongſt Chriſtians; yet I doe find, thou haſt made me ſubject to it, in taking from me my firſtborne, not to ſerve thee here in thy houſe built with mans hand, where mine eyes might ſee him, mine eares heare him, and my intrals rejoyce in him; but to reigne with thee in thy glorious heaven, the noble worke of thine almightie hand; in which by faith I behold him with joy, though the ſenſe be ſtill ſad for his untimelie death. His aſhes lie under that ſtone, which I can not ſee without griefe. And in that I confeſſe, I doe diſpleaſe thy Majeſtie, and bewray my weaknes. But thou great God, who haſt made man, know'ſt thou not well what is in man? Doth not the ſenſe daily fight 'gainſt the mind? O then forgive me this ſadnes, and withall ſtrengthen my weaknes, that the better part of my ſelfe be not overcome by the worſe, the Spirit by the fleſh, and reaſon by paſſion. And ſince in thy mercie thou haſt given me another Child, vouchſafe, my God, vouchſafe to aſſigne her a place of ſweet reſt with the firſt: yet my good Lord, take her not ſo ſoone as the firſt. O let me find grace in thy ſight, that this Infant live here long before thee. And grant, both I

and

and her Father may likewiſe live to ſee her brought up in the world, with ſuch faire qualities, as draw the love of all good men, but above all of thee: whom for my Saviours ſake I beſeech, not to be angrie with thine humble handmaid, if this requeſt of life, either for my Childe or her Parents, be contrarie to thy decree: for, then I yeeld up ſuch deſires, and ſubmit all ſuch petitions to thy moſt holie will, which ever be done in earth, as it is in heaven; Amen my God, Amen now and ever, and ſay thy ſelfe Amen to theſe my hearts deſires.

When the Child is ſick and unquiet.

1 FEw and evill are the dayes of mans life; for, 'tis a continuall warfare, the foure humors daily ſtriving for the Soveraintie in his bodie, and God and the Devill for the abſolute power in his ſoule. The firſt ſtrife puts his whole bodie out of tune, and the ſecond doth much perplex his minde; and from both proceed ſicknes and unquietnes. *But thou O Lord, ſo order (I pray thee) my Childs bodilie compoſition, that ſhe live long in*

health; and ſo ſanctifie her whole heart, that ſhe ever enjoy the peace of a good conſcience.

2 The ſweeteſt of our time ſeemes to be that, we ſpend in ſleep, when our ſenſes are ſo benumm'd, that we feel no paine nor pleaſure. Yet everie mans ſleep is not quiet. This Infant making mouthes as ſoone as ſhe awakes, and manie times before, ſhewes me, ſhe hath paine in her reſt; then her loud cries declare the greatnes of her griefe. *Eaſe her O God, I beſeech thee, of whatſoever troubles her. Quiet my Child, in aſſuaging her paine. Conſider her age and weaknes, and if in thy ſtrait juſtice thou wouldſt make her ſmart, for* Adams *rebellion, ſpare her in thy infinit mercie, for thy Chriſts obedience.*

3 How froward is my Babe, and how wretched is man, in this bodie of death! Doubtles this Infant is in paine; yet I cannot well ſee the cauſe. Yes, yes, I can: for, though I doe not perfectly diſcerne what part of her bodie is ill; yet I know, ſin's the cauſe of her indiſpoſition: for, though her originall ſpot be waſht away in the bloud of Jeſus; yet the corporall and temporall puniſhment for ſinne remaines. *But thou meeke Lamb of God, remembring thou haſt borne our infirmities, and caried our ſorrowes,*

and

and that with thy ſtripes we are heal'd, take away (I pray thee) the preſent and ſecond cauſe of my Childs frowardnes. Sweet Jeſu pitie her, for whoſe ſake thou foundſt no pitie.

4 I feare, that my Child ſhall have the ſmall pox, a moſt loathſome diſeaſe, becauſe it either kills, or leaves often ſuch markes, as diſgrace mens perſons, and nip the flow'r of their beautie. *Lord prevent this diſeaſe: or let it not (I beſeech thee) either deprive my Babe of life, or impaire her favor, or change her complexion. O God prolong the firſt, and let nothing marre the ſecond, till age or death make it wither.*

5 My Child is full of wind, which doth much torment her: *Ariſe therefore Jeſu: rebuke the wind, & let there be a calme in this little world, thou haſt made. Careſt thou not, that my Infant periſh? I know, thou doſt. Then Lord, let theſe winds ceaſe; that my ſweet Child find caſe.*

6 I think, my Child is breeding teeth, which come not out, without ſuch paine to poore Infants, that ſome of them loſe their life by't. This makes me now feare, mine ſhould die, for whoſe ſafetie I would loſe a Kingdome. *Therefore O God, let not thy hand (without which nothing's well) be now farre*

from my Child; but as thou haſt wonderfully made her; ſo keep her pow'rfully againſt paine and ſicknes. Soften her little gums; that her teeth may cut them with ſuch facilitie, as may give me ſubject, to acknowledge thy compaſſions, in the help of my Babe.

When the Child Laughs and playes.

1 MY Childs cries make me ſad, and her paines pierce my ſoule; but when ſhe laughs, I am merrie; and when ſhe playes, my heart is wonderous light. As ſhe is a woman, ſhe is ſubject to change, and cannot be long in one ſtate and humor; *yet O my God, I beſeech thee, that ſhe have but ſeldome cauſes to weep and grieve, chiefely before ſhe can make uſe of humane croſſes, to conceive a loathing of earth, and a love of heaven.*

2. How ſweetly my Babe laughs, and how pleaſant are all her playes! As mirth is ſweeter then ſadnes, and joy then griefe; ſo I wiſh, that her ſins be never ſo grievous, nor her afflictions ſo heavie, but that her heart may have alwayes more cauſe to hope, then

then feare; and to rejoyce, then grieve. *Thou maiſt O God bleſſe my wiſhes with good ſucces, in making her whole life holie and proſperous. Make it then ſo, for thy glorie and thy handmaids conſolation.*

3 What wittie thing is my Infant? She imitates everie thing, ſhe ſees and heares; and this delights me much, becauſe her actions are harmles: but it would vex me hereafter, if ſhe ſhould follow evill men, in their ſinfull doings. *Lord, ſuffer her not to doe ſo; but give her grace to avoid ſuch perſons, and abhorre their actions, and to frame her life to thy word, and take thoſe for example, whoſe proceedings are juſt, and their converſation holie.*

When the Child is Angrie and Fights.

1 HOw quickly do human paſſions break forth! They are all up before reaſon, and rage in us, whilſt that noble Queene ſleeps. *Keep them O Lord, keep them under in this Infant, and let not wrath prevaile in her, whom meeknes doth better become.*

2 I muſt obſerve my Babe, elſe ſhe will puniſh me, and teach me my dutie; for, I ſee, ſhe takes me for her ſervant. She bites, ſcratches, pinches, if ſhe hath not her will; and in that ſhe ſhewes, ſhe wants wit. When ſhe hath ſome, to know both good and ill, *let her not Lord, uſe anie violent meanes, to compaſſe her deſires: and now let not her biting, ſcratching, pinching, ſpoile my breaſt. I dare not yet chide or beat her, for ſhe's too young, and might be thus daunted too much. I therefore intreat thee, to make her leave fighting, and to keep her alwayes quiet.*

3 Although this Child bites and beats me, though in anger ſhe runnes away from me: yet I can not hate her, becauſe he is my Child. Certainely God deales ſo with his. His love to them is eternall, though ſometimes theirs diſcontinues, and his likewiſe ſeemes to doe ſo. *O my God let me love thy Love, or thee my love; yea ſo love thee, that nothing coole my affections to thee Let my Babie do ſo, prefer thee to all things.*

When

When the Child is like to die.

1 HOw is this life accounted ſweet, ſince it is ſo froward in the cradle; ſo dangerous in youth; ſo toileſome in manhood; ſo tedious in old age? Yet we deſire to live and are afraid to die: yea our feare is not kept within the bounds of our owne diſſolution, but breakes out into the fore-ſight of our friends deſtruction. I am (thanks to God) in good health, little thinking on my owne death. Yet the danger, I ſee my deare Babe in, doth wonderfully perplex me. *O God, comfort my heart, in eaſing my Infant. Heale her my Lord, that my ſoule may praiſe thee. Deſtroy her not, for* Adams *ſin and mine; but preſerve her, for thy Sons righteouſnes.*

2 I will call Phyſicians, that they may trie their skill, to remove the diſeaſe, which brings my Child to ſo weake an eſtate; but firſt I call upon thy name, *O God the maker of nature, and teacher of Phyſique; beſeeching thee, to look upon this little frame, which thou haſt made, and doſt begin to marre. Thou know'ſt the cauſe of her ſicknes, and haſt with thee the remedies of it. O then (I pray thee) applie theſe, to remove that. Sweet Jeſu, let*

not

not this Infants ſicknes be to death.

3 Muſt this Child die almoſt as ſoon as ſhe is borne? Muſt this flow'r be nipt in the bud, and this fruit fall e're it be ripe? Shall not my Infant live, to praiſe thee gracious Lord, here in the Land of the living? She's in thy hand O God; yea in that hand, which hath lately made her, and is now like to deface her. *O ſpare good Father, ſpare my Child, and grant her time to live, and in that time grace to ſerve thee.*

4 Alas, my poore Infant! alas my ſweet Babie! how much doſt thou ſuffer? O that I were a ſharer in thy griefe, that thou ſhouldſt feele it leſſe? *O thou the maker of all things! art thou then now reſolv'd to cut the thread of this Childs life? If it be ſo, as there is no power, which can oppoſe thy will; ſo there is no reaſon, which will in any wiſe gaine-ſay it. I yeeld then O my God, I yeeld moſt willingly (though moſt ſorrowfully) all the right I have in this Babe. But heare me gracious Lord; heare me fully, and turne not thy face backe from me. Take of this Child what's meerly thine, and let not Satan defraud thee of what thou haſt made by thy pow'r. When the ſoule ſhall leave the bodie, let thy Son kindly welcome her, with theſe comfortable words: Come thou*

bleſſed

bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdome prepar'd for thee, from the foundation of the world.

When the Child's well againe.

BLeſſed be thy great name, O Lord of life and death, who haſt dry'd up my tears and comforted my heart, in healing my ſweet Babe. My Child was ſick, yea very ſicke; ſo that I fear'd her death: But thou, good God, haſt prolonged her life, and ſo reviv'd my ſp'rits. O then I will daily praiſe thee, and alſo leave my deare Infant a memoriall of this thy compaſſion; that when ſhe is in th' age of diſcretion, that may draw her from vice, and incite her unto vertue. For then ſhe muſt (and grant thou, ſhe well) conſider, thou didſt not adde dayes and years to her life, to lead it wantonly, but holily. Lord, let her think both on the danger ſhe was in, to loſe betimes what all creatures deſire to conſerve, and ſo thanke thee for her preſervation; and on her future death, and ſo endeavour to make her ſelfe readie for thee. Let not her ſoule die then, 'cauſe her bodie hath liv'd till then, in youthfull ſtrength, forgetting the weak-

nes

nes of Childhood, and the miſeries of old age. Keep her then good Father, from wilfull and preſumptuous ſins, which may worke her ſoules damnation, and now and then from all diſeaſes, which may bring her life to an end, or into loathſomnes.

VVhen the child's dead.

1 O My Child , my Child, my Child ! would God I had died for thee, O , my Child, my Child! But why my ſoule doſt thou ſo pitifully mourne for thy Child? Rather bemoane thy ſelfe. Thy Child is well; for, ſhe feels now no paine. Thou art not ſo. Thy Child is well; for, ſhe enjoyes a full heap of felicitie, in the beatifying viſion of God. Thou art not likewiſe ſo. Then endeavour to be once ſo, and loſe not fooliſhly thoſe teares, which thou ſhouldſt keepe in ſtore, to bewaile thine owne miſerie, and waſh away thy ſins. Thy heart had beene raviſht with joy, if thy mortall King had taken thy Infant, to breed her in his Court; and is not God greater then man, and heaven better then White-Hall?

Hall? Since then the Lord hath made thy Child not onely his ſervant, bnt (as thou maiſt conceive) an heire to his glorious Kingdome, rejoyce my ſoule, rejoyce, and thank a God ſo good. Bleſſe, bleſſe his name; and make thy ſelfe fit for him too, by a holie converſation, and whole obedience to his Law.

2 While my Child was yet alive I did pray, mourne and weep, in hope, God would be ſo gracious unto me, that the Child might live. But now that ſhe is dead, wherefore ſhould I ſtill weep? Indeed nature will ſhew her ſenſible love towards one ſo neare her, in bewailing her death; but faith forbids to bemoane thoſe, who free from pain, griefe and danger are in full fruition of immortall pleaſures. I have therefore more cauſe to feaſt then faſt, and to be glad then ſad. *But the beſt thing, I can do now is, to thanke thee gracious Father, for that in thy mercie and for Chriſts righteouſnes, thou haſt (as my heart doth conceive) tranſported the ſoule of my Infant from earth into heaven. O let all thy creatures glorifie thee with me, for thy goodnes towards my Babe. Grant my good Lord, I live here in ſuch ſort; that thou likewiſe receive my ſpirit after this painfull life. Grant*

the

the ſame to my friends; yea ſince thou wouldſt, that all men ſhould be ſav'd, grant the ſame to all men: and let thoſe be call'd ſpeedily and effectually, whom thou haſt elected.

3 *Adam*, where art thou? Art thou now gone to hide thy ſelfe, after thou haſt kill'd this Infant? Well mightſt thou cruell man, be afraid and aſham'd, when thou hadſt murdred all mankind All thy children die for thy ſin, and manie in thine and their owne: but my comfort is, that though this Babe be dead for thy tranſgreſſion; yet ſhe hath receiv'd mercie of God, in the remiſſion of her ſin, through the bloud of Jeſus; for whoſe merits I hope, that my grievous offences are all drown'd in the deep Sea of Gods mercie, and waſht away in the ſame bloud. *O Lord, ſtrengthen this hope in me, and with the aſſurance of mine and my childs happines comfort my heart ſad and dolefull, for her untimelie death.*

4 Was *Eve* after her fall call'd the mother of all living, when ſhe had kill'd all the living? That great nomenclator *Adam* declared by that name either his ignorance (one of the firſt fruits of his ſin) or his faith in Gods promiſes. For, as his wife did eat of the forbidden fruit, ſhe's the mother of all the

the dead; but as her ſeed hath bruis'd the Serpents head, ſhe's the mother of all living, *Jeſu, the Son of Eve by Marie, without Father, and of God without Mother, by an eternall and ineffable generation, have mercie on my ſoule, in forgiving her ſins; on my heart, in comforting it; on my bodie, in ſtrength'ning it. Cheere me in this great affliction, leaſt ſorrow hurt my fleſh, and paſſion ſo obſcure reaſon; that I forget that ſtrong armor againſt adverſitie, an intire reſignation unto thy holie will, to ſay with patient* Job, *and with as true a heart as his; the Lord hath given me a Child, and the Lord hath taken away my Child: bleſſed be the name of the Lord.*

5 What pitifull object is this? Since theſe few dayes my Child did looke ſo prettily and lovelie, that both my eyes and heart were much delighted at her ſight: but death hath already ſo much altered her favor, and made her look wan, and feele cold; that though I will ſtill love her aſhes, yet I am either loath or afraid, to looke upon her. Muſt I ſhortly be ſo? Muſt I be ſuch, that my beſt friends (yea even he, who calls me ſweet, and almoſt doats on my beautie) will either flie from me, or ſtop their noſe, before they come neere me? *O then my God*, I *ſee*

my great follie, in making ſo much of the fleſh, whoſe end is ſtinking corruption; and regarding ſo littl the ſpirit, whoſe nature is immortall. Good Lord, forgive me that follie, and grant me both wiſdome and ſtrength, to keep the fleſh under the ſpirit, the ſpirit under thee.

6 Had this child liv'd foure thouſand yeares either in eaſe, or paine; in pleaſure, or ſorrow; in abundance, or want; in credit or diſgrace; the ſenſe of all were now quite loſt. Why then am I ſo impatient in adverſitie, and inſolent in proſperitie? not conſidering, the day ſhall come, in which I ſhall be inſenſible to both pleaſure and pain. *Let me Lord, remember my end, that my ſoule never ſin, either by pride for thy bleſſings, or by repining at my croſſes.*

Upon the Buriall of the Child.

OUr firſt Father *Adam* was by the Lord forbid to eat of the tree of knowledge, with this threatning, thou ſhalt ſurely die: & our grand mother *Eve* his wife was by the Serpent perſuaded to taſte of the ſame tree, with this deceitfull aſſurance, yo u ſhall not ſurely

ſurely die. But when both had eat the morſell, which did choake them and us, God came to them, to make his promiſe good, and confirme his decree, by telling them, that they were duſt, and ſhould returne to duſt. For the Serpent, no newes of him: he crept into his hole, after he had receiv'd his doom; for, he had neither pow'r nor will, to ſtand unto his word. So *Adam* therefore di'd, and returned unto the ground, out of which he was taken; and ſo my child is dead, and muſt have the ſame reverſion. I my ſelfe muſt follow all my Predeceſſors, and be follow'd by all my Succeſſors. Why then ſhould I grieve at my childs chance, ſince it is common to all men? It pleas'd me well, when I did lay my Babe to ſleep and reſt; what cauſe have I then to be ſad, when ſhe's laid in the grave, there to ſleep and reſt without anie ſenſe of paine, till Gods Angels wake her, and Chriſt raiſe her at the laſt day to enjoy in heaven united to her bleſſed ſoule, all the pleaſures both fleſh and ſp'rit are ſuſceptible of? *O God, let me rather rejoyce then grieve at this: and grant, that ſeriouſly and often I thinke on my grave and future corruption, to abate by ſuch meditation the luſt and pride of my rebellious fleſh: and on the contra-*

rie raiſe all the powers of my ſoule unto a quick apprehenſion and earneſt affection of thoſe eternall joyes and infinit pleaſures, thou haſt above prepar'd for them, who here love thee unfainedly, and ſerve thee faithfully.

VVhen the child is heavie, and tires her.

1 THis Child tires me; yet I do love to carie her: ſo deale I with my ſins, which though they be heavie, yet I delight in them. But why ſhould I do ſo? They may at laſt make me fall under them, never to riſe againe. *O God, help my ſoule againſt them, and give her ſtrength, not to beare them, but to ſhake them all off. Strengthen alſo my back and armes, that I may cheerfully beare up and downe this ſweet burden, at whoſe heavines my heart pants.*

2 This Child tires me; yet I delight to carie her. Should I do ſo with my Gods Law, how happie might I be? It is indeed heavie and ſoure unto the fleſh; for, it croſſes ſenſualitie; but light and ſweet unto the ſoule; for, it gives her a fore-reliſh of her eternall hap-

happines. *O Lord, let me love this burden, put thy yoak about my neck, lay up thy words in my heart by meditation and affection, bind them for a ſigne upon my hand by action and practice, and grant, I teach them to my Child, if thou doſt bleſſe both her and me with life, till ſhe be able to learne them. In the meane time make her O God, eaſie to me, in increaſing my ſtrength and hers; that I may bear her well, and ſhe may ſhortly ſtand and go about alone.*

VVhen the child ſtands Alone.

1 NOw (thanks to God) my Child begins to ſtand, and (as I hope) ſhall ſhortly go alone; yet I dare not truſt her too much upon her weake and tender legs, leaſt they ſhould grow crooked, and her bodie awrie. *O Lord, ſtrengthen this little frame, and keep (I pray thee) all the parts of it in their due ſhape and proportion.*

2 Now my Babe ſeems to ſtand alone, yet there's a hand to ſupport her, even that pow'r, which ſupports the whole world. *O let it never faile my Child, but be long graciouſly with her bodie. and alwayes with her ſoule.*

VVhen the Child goes Alone.

1 MY greater paine is paſt, ſince my Babe goes alone, and ſo my heart is doubly glad, for mine owne eaſe and my Childs ſtrength: yet 'tis likewiſe fearefull, for the dangerous falls, my young foot-maid may get: *therefore my God, I command her to thee, and commit her into thy hand, beſeeching thee to look to her; leaſt ſhe ſtumble with harme, or anie thing fall upon her, that either fright her mind, or annoy her bodie. Keep her O Lord, both from fire and water, and from all other things, which may hurt her in anie wiſe.*

2 How prettily my babie trips along! ſhe delights ſo much in her march, that ſhe ſcornes to be led. *Let her not Lord, do ſo in human and divine affaires: not reject the counſell and help of the prudent and religious, as too manie doe now, to our great griefe and diſtraction.*

When

When the child falls and hurts her ſelfe.

ALas, my Babe is falne, and (as I ſee) hath hurt her ſelfe. *I did O God, commend her unto thee, and thou haſt not heard me. Then I muſt thinke, thou lov'ſt me not, ſince thou doſt not regard my Child; yet conſider O Lord, that ſhe is thine as well as mine, yea much more too; therefore help her for thine owne ſake, heale her and keep her from ſuch other falls. I will thank thy goodnes for it, and ſtudie to reforme what I perceive, thou doſt diſlike in me.*

VVhen the Child begins to ſpeake.

1 HEarke, hearke, my Child begins to ſpeake, and ſo teaches me to praiſe God, becauſe ſhe is not dumbe. *I doe ſo my good Lord. I acknowledge thy favor to my Child.*

2 How prettily doth my Babe call me Mam, and begs for her Teattie? O that ſhe

might call ſo on our common Father, call upon him with love and confidence! *Thou the wiſe maker of mans mouth, open my Infants heart and lips, that her ſweet mouth ſhew forth thy praiſe, and let never thy law depart out of her mouth.*

3 Who keeps his mouth, keepes his life, which is often loſt for a word, and ſo 'tis wiſely writ; The mouth of the foole is neer deſtruction. *O Lord, let not my Infant be fooliſh, leaſt in her mouth be found a rod of pride.*

4 *Since the mouth of the juſt brings forth wiſdome, make O Lord, my Babe juſt, and out of her mouth ordaine ſtrength, and perfect praiſe.*

5 How now? Will never my Child give over ſpeaking? Will ſhe be a pratler? *The Lord forbid, and make her a lover of a diſcreet ſilence.*

6 My Babe hath ſome tale to tell me, and I muſt heare her patiently, otherwiſe ſhe will be angrie. So are manie old fooles, S. *Pauls* buſie bodies, who ſpend their beſt time in telling tales of old Romans, or of their neighbours, yea neer friends. *O God, let never my Child be like them, but make her grave in her ſpeeches, and ſober in her relations.*

When

VVhen the child's proud of her Attire.

SEE this little Peacock, how proud ſhe is of theſe gay things: but ſee my ſoule, how ſoone man begins to be vaine, and how he carries on his pride from the womb to the grave. Want of reaſon may be a plea for this Infant: but what excuſe can our old men and women have for their fooliſh pride in garments? What can men of good years pretend to juſtifie their triple bootſtop of fine lawne with curious lace, bandſtrings of a high price, thick buſhes of divers ribbons, and manie ſuch tokens of a vaine heart and emptie braine? And concerning my Sex, if S. *Peter* be ſtill (as manie fondly eſteem him) the Porter of heaven, how ſhall we appeare before him, with plaited haire, patched faces, chaines of gold, ropes of perles, eare-rings or bells, bracelets, jewells, douzens of laces in our tailes, feathers upon our heads, and other markes of levitie in both? *My God, let no ſuch markes be found in me, nor hereafter in my ſweet Child, you make (I beſeech thee) all men and women*

aſham'd

aſham'd of ſuch toyes: and let the ſins of thoſe who have been overcome by theſe or the like vanities, be graciouſly pardon'd by thee, and carefully avoided by us all and our poſteritie, as diſgraces to our pious and Chriſtian Profeſſion.

Seven Songs, when ſhe carries or leads her Child abroad.

All ſeven to the tune of the Spaniſh Gipſey, Come follow, follow me.

The firſt Song, for the Fields

1.

Come Child, along with me,
I will lead / I'le carie } thee to ſee
The wondrous workes of God,
In walking both abroad.
The aire is moſt ſweet in the fields.
The earth her ſelfe a good ſent yeelds.

2.

It is wholeſome to walke,
And delightfull to talke
With our friends, and reherſe
Either in Proſe or Verſe

What

What the Lord hath made for mans ſake:
Then I'le now this courſe with thee take.

3.

Here's a Worm, which makes ſilke;
There are Cowes, which give milke:
The firſt is a rich ware,
The ſecond a good fare
For men, who rule greedie deſire,
And nothing above need require.

4.

Look on that flock of Sheep,
Which that Shepheard doth keep,
Their wool and fleſh are good
Both for clothing and food.
It is as harmeles a creature,
As can be found in rich nature.

5.

See thoſe Oxen, which plow
The ground two in a row,
That men may ſow the ſeed,
Whereon being growne they feed.
They worke and toile for our owne uſe,
They draw the plough all day for us.

6.

Of that, moſt curious Wheat,
Some may make bread to eat,
Fit for Princes and Kings:
This other large field brings

Great

Great ſtore of good Oats, Beanes and Rie;
This other is full of Barlie.

7.

There is a daintie Horſe,
And here one of leſſe force,
Put to baſeſt ſervices,
Becauſe he's full of vices:
The other is a curious beaſt,
With a good head, ſtrong legs, large breaſt.

8.

Here is a little Ant,
Who fearfull, ſhe ſhould want
In the winter-ſeaſon
Goes, as led by reaſon,
To take and gather up her ſtore,
Wiſe Ant, I thy Maker adore.

9.

Looke on that tim'rous Hare,
And on theſe Dogs, which are
Hunting with a ſwift pace
For her in ev'rie place.
I wonder, how her ſent they take,
Who knowes ſo manie ſhifts to make.

10.

There is another kind
Of dogs, who can birds find
Of an excellent taſt:
But becauſe they flie faſt,

VVe have Hawkes and Faulcons, who will
The red-leg'd Patridge quickly kill.

11.

Then we have other Dogs,
To keep off Theeves and Rogues:
So that dog is a beaſt
Of all beaſts counted beſt;
For, both he finds man meat, and keeps
His houſe and goods ſafe, whilſt he ſleeps.

12.

Let us now leave this mead,
And fields, where beaſts are fed,
And paſſe over the way,
To make a little ſtay
In yonder Orchard and Garden;
VVhere nature's grac'd by th'art of men.

13

But firſt give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,
Theſe things and manie more,
God hath made for thy ſtore:
They are appointed for thy good,
For thy ſervice, clothing or food.

14.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,
And maker of all things.

Then look, thou do ſoberly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The ſecond Song, in a Garden of Flow'rs.

1.

THis is Child, a fine place,
Which manie flow'rs do grace.
Here thou maiſt pleaſe thine eyes.
The two ſenſes likewiſe
Of ſweet ſmelling and ſoft feeling
Shall find here what pleaſure doth bring.

2.

I'le pluck this damask Roſe,
And put it to thy noſe;
For, it comforts the braine,
And doth aſſuage her paine;
And being diſtill'd is good likewiſe,
To ſweeten meats, and help ſore eyes.

3.

See this faire Gilliflow'r;
'Tis ſaid to have great pow'r
Over melancholie,
A neere kin to folie.
Theſe Cowſlips do both procure ſleep,

And

And their eaters from madnes keep.

4.

Our Phiſicians do hold,
This yellow Marigold
Hath an excellent art,
To free a fearefull heart.
Feare is but a troubleſome gueſt,
To be entertain'd in mans breaſt,

5.

I ſee a Butterflie
Upon that white Lillie,
A flow'r in beautie ſuch,
That Chriſt ſaid once thus much,
(As we find in his Hiſtorie)
It excells *Solomons* glorie.

6.

There is a Flow'r-de-Luce
Pleaſant, and of good uſe,
For, it cures the Dropſie.
Put this little Daiſie
In thy noſtrills to purge thy brain,
And eaſe thy head from preſent paine.

7.

This is a flow'r well knowne,
Call'd the Imperiall crowne.
Thoſe ſweet Williams do pleaſe
My eyes with this hearts-eaſe,
There is one nam'd the Queens delight,

A flow'r delightfull to the ſight.

8.

Now babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,
Theſe Flow'rs and manie more
God hath made for thy ſtore.
They are appointed for thy good,
For thy pleaſure, phyſicke or food.

9.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,
And maker of all things.
Then looke, that thou ſoberly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The third Song, in a Garden of Herbes.

1.

NOw my Child, let us walke
About theſe Herbs, and talke
With the help of my muſe,
Of their ſundrie vertues.
I wiſh, men ſhould know to applie
To griefs of ſtone this ſtone-Parſelie.

2.

Looke upon this red Sage,
And on this broad Borage.
The firſt chaſes Agues,
And comforts the Sinnews:
The laſt doth purge Melancholie:
And Spinage looſes the bellie.

3.

Endive and Succorie
Run much in my mem'rie,
'Cauſe hot Livers they cool.
Mans bodie is a pool
Full of diſeaſes; and therefore
He muſt have remedies in ſtore.

4.

Conſerves of Roſemarie,
And the leaves of Clarie
Have both ſev'rall vertues.
That comforts the ſinnews,
Limmes, ſenſes, mem'rie, heart, ſtomach;
And this much ſtrengthens a weake backe.

5.

Confects of Coriander
And leaves of Germander
Helpe, that the digeſtion,
This keeps from infection.
Lavender may ſweeten thy clothes,
And Bay-leaves keep them ſafe from Mothes.

6.

I like Fennell full well:
For, it hath a good ſmell,
And provoketh Urine,
Opens Liver and Spleen,
Clenſes the Breaſt, ſharpens the ſight,
That more clearly we ſee the light.

7.

Baulme is of a good uſe,
And ſo are the Lettuce,
Time, Burnet, Bettonie,
Sorrell and Pionie,
Sav'rie, Aniſe, Pennie-royall,
Rue, Mint, Hiſſop, Marj'rame, Setwall.

8.

Now Babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,
Theſe Herbs and manie more
God hath made for thy ſtore.
They are appointed for thy good,
For thy, Pleaſure, Phyſicke or Food.

9.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,
And maker of all things.
Then looke, thou do ſoberly uſe
Gods good creature without abuſe.

The fourth Song, In an Orchard.

1.

I Will ſhew my deare Child,
What this Orchard doth yeeld.
I'le allow her all ſorts
Of ſweet and harmles ſports.
I will ſeldome denie the ſenſe
What may pleaſe it without offence.

2.

Away with that Critick,
Who will neigh, ſtampe and kick,
And at theſe words cavill;
Beleeving, it is ill,
To yeeld the ſenſe at anie time
Pleaſure, delight, mirth and paſtime.

3.

Wilt thou forbeare to eat
That good and ſav'rie meat,
'Cauſe thou doſt like it well?
Muſt thou abſtaine to ſmell
That pleaſant Perfume or ſweet Roſe,
'Cauſe 'tis delightfull to thy noſe?

4.

Why man? Hath not the Lord

Made all theſe by his word,
Chiefely for mans owne uſe?
If then without abuſe,
And with thankes we ſee, taſt, feel, ſmell
His gifts; we do not ill, but well.

5.

I will then even now
Walke under this long row
Of Trees, and tell my Child,
Who's moſt cheerefull and mild,
The wonderfull diverſitie
Of their fruits in this my dittie.

6.

Then ſweet, lend me thy eares,
And briefely I'le name Peares,
Apples, Plummes and Cherries,
Quinces and Barberies,
Peaches, Figs, Almonds, Pomgranates,
Oranges, Lemmons, Olives, Dates.

7.

I perceive, thou wouldſt taſt
Some Plums, 'cauſe thou doſt caſt
Thy ſweet eyes on that Tree,
Which before us we ſee.
Indeed they are the beſt of all
Damaske or Damſons we them call,

8.

Yet take heed, to eat much

Of Plums, Peares, Nuts and ſuch,
Be they never ſo ripe,
Leaſt they thy bellie gripe,
Breed in thee ill bloud, cauſe Collique.
Peaches make one Melancholique.

9.

Moſt fruits preſerv'd are good
To weake Stomachs for food.
A ſlice of Marmalade
Should make my heart full glad.
Yet I do not wiſh it for me;
For had I ſome, I would give't thee.

10.

This is a crooked Vine
Which beares Grapes, to make Wine,
Whoſe properties are rare;
For, it drives away care,
Our ſad hearts cheares, our ſp'rits revives,
And much comforts our heavie lives.

11.

Now Babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,
Theſe Fruits and manie more,
God hath made for thy ſtore.
They are appointed for thy good,
For thy pleaſure phyſick or food.

12.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,

Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,
And maker of all things.
Then looke, thou do ſobetly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The fift Song, By the Water-ſide.

1.

I Will now caſt a looke
Upon this Cryſtall Brooke,
And cauſe my Child likewiſe
To fix on it her eyes;
And when ſhe is growne I deſire,
That ſhe in this Gods pow'r admire.

2.

I cannot in few lines
Shew, how Gods greatnes ſhines
In this moiſt Element,
Which the courſe influent
Of the Moone doth make ebbe and flow,
Now ſmooth, then rough; now ſwift, then (ſlow.

3.

Though I ſee not the cauſe,
Yet I know by whoſe Laws

Waters

Waters are hot and cold,
Freſh and ſalt; and do hold
Innumerable ſorts of Fiſhes,
From big ſweld Whales to ſmall Horſelee-
(ches

4.

I cannot in my verſe
Their ſeverall names reherſe.
That might take too much time:
Beſides I ſhould want rime;
For before thee Child, I confeſſe
I am but a poor Poeteſſe.

5.

Yet I will name the Pike,
Carp, Tench, Perch and the like:
The Trout, Loch, Eele and Breame,
Which in a little ſtreame
May breed as well as in Rivers,
With others in kind moſt divers.

6.

I will alſo name theſe,
Which In the ſtormie Seas
Are bred, Sole, Plaice, Gudgeon,
Gurnard, Salmon, Sturgion,
Turbot, Flounder, Mullet, Herring,
Barbell, Whiting, Smelt, Ray and Ling.

7.

Now Babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,

Theſe Fiſhes for thy ſtore
God made and manie more.
He appointed them for thy good,
And created them for thy food.

8.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,
And maker of all things.
Then look, thou do ſoberly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The ſixt Song, At the ſight of Birds.

1.

AS mother Earth doth beare
Beaſts and Fruits in her Sphere;
And as waters are full
Of Fiſhes moſt uſefull:
So the wide Aire daily affords
A wondrous varietie of Birds.

2.

Looke Infant, there is one,
Which yonder hops alone.
Let us my ſweet and deare,

Draw

Draw a little more neer,
That of her we may take full view,
And the better diſcerne her hue.

3.

'Tis a Goldfinch I ſee.
No finer Bird can be:
Her colors are ſo well
Mixt, that few men can tell
What part of her bodie's the beſt.
There flies to her Robin-red-breſt.

4.

There is a Nightingale,
Which though in colors pale,
Yet hath a throat, which doth
Charme mans eares and heart both.
She ſeemes by her ſweet mourning tune,
To bewaile her fein'd misfortune.

5.

I ſee there two Black-birds,
Whoſe young we feed with curds.
Of whiſtlers they take place,
'Cauſe they do it with grace;
Yet the Thruſh will 'gainſt them conteſt,
Fondly thinking, ſhe whizzes beſt.

6.

Lift up thine eyes, and marke,
How hie that daintie Larke
Raiſes her ſelfe ſinging.

It were a pleaſant thing,
To hear her Song, and ſee her flight,
Should not that height dazle the ſight.

7.

Here are Capons and Hens,
And 'mongſt them little Wrens.
The firſt are daintie meat,
The laſt few men will eat.
Partridges, Woodcocks, Quails, Ducks, Geeſe,
Are held better then Leekes and Cheeſe.

8.

Manie other Birds are
In ſome qualities rare,
In which we may behold
The glorie manifold
Of that God, from whom ev'rie thing
Had its good eſſence or being.

9.

Now Babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,
Theſe Birds and manie more
God hath made for thy ſtore.
They are appointed for thy good,
For thy pleaſure, muſique or food.

10.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,

And maker of all things.
Then look, thou ſoberly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The ſeventh Song, upon the four Elements and Heaven.

1.

I Will in this laſt Song
Shew thee what doth belong
To the foure Elements;
And how by th'influence
Of the high Heavens, or bright skies,
Beaſts, Birds are rul'd, and Men likewiſe.

2

This Earth, on which we ſtand,
Of whoſe duſt the Lords hand
Formed both man and beaſt,
Trees and Fruits, then did reſt,
Was made by Gods pow'r of nothing:
His onelie Word gave her being.

3.

It is a great round ball,
Drie, cold, and dark withall.
Which no cunning is able
To ſtirre, b'ing immovable.

Theſe Fiſhes for thy ſtore
God made and manie more.
He appointed them for thy good,
And created them for thy food.

8.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,
And maker of all things.
Then look, thou do ſoberly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The ſixt Song, At the ſight of Birds.

1.

AS mother Earth doth beare
Beaſts and Fruits in her Sphere;
And as waters are full
Of Fiſhes moſt uſefull:
So the wide Aire daily affords
A wondrous varietie of Birds.

2.

Looke Infant, there is one,
Which yonder hops alone.
Let us my ſweet and deare,

Draw

Draw a little more neer,
That of her we may take full view,
And the better diſcerne her hue.

3.

'Tis a Goldfinch I ſee.
No finer Bird can be:
Her colors are ſo well
Mixt, that few men can tell
What part of her bodie's the beſt.
There flies to her Robin-red-breſt.

4.

There is a Nightingale,
Which though in colors pale,
Yet hath a throat, which doth
Charme mans eares and heart both.
She ſeemes by her ſweet mourning tune,
To bewaile her fein'd misfortune.

5.

I ſee there two Black-birds,
Whoſe young we feed with curds.
Of whiſtlers they take place,
'Cauſe they do it with grace;
Yet the Thruſh will 'gainſt them conteſt,
Fondly thinking, ſhe whizzes beſt.

6.

Lift up thine eyes, and marke,
How hie that daintie Larke
Raiſes her ſelfe ſinging.

It were a pleaſant thing,
To hear her Song, and ſee her flight,
Should not that height dazle the ſight.

7.

Here are Capons and Hens,
And 'mongſt them little Wrens.
The firſt are daintie meat,
The laſt few men will eat.
Partridges, Woodcocks, Quails, Ducks, Geeſe,
Are held better then Leekes and Cheeſe.

8.

Manie other Birds are
In ſome qualities rare,
In which we may behold
The glorie manifold
Of that God, from whom ev'rie thing
Had its good eſſence or being.

9.

Now Babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le tell thee,
Theſe Birds and manie more
God hath made for thy ſtore.
They are appointed for thy good,
For thy pleaſure, muſique or food.

10.

O then ſee, thou ſweet Child,
Praiſes hereafter yeeld
To God the King of Kings,

And maker of all things.
Then look, thou ſoberly uſe
Gods good creatures without abuſe.

The ſeventh Song, upon the four Elements and Heaven.

1.

I Will in this laſt Song
Shew thee what doth belong
To the foure Elements;
And how by th'influence
Of the high Heavens, or bright skies,
Beaſts, Birds are rul'd, and Men likewiſe.

2

This Earth, on which we ſtand,
Of whoſe duſt the Lords hand
Formed both man and beaſt,
Trees and Fruits, then did reſt,
Was made by Gods pow'r of nothing:
His onelie Word gave her being.

3.

It is a great round ball,
Drie, cold, and dark withall.
Which no cunning is able
To ſtirre, b'ing immovable.

She is for her owne gravitie
In the waters concavitie.

4.

She feeds us, while we live,
And after death doth give
Our cold bodies a roome,
To reſt in her boſome.
In life and death ſhe's good to us,
Whom in both ſhe doth kindly uſe.

5.

I could tell great matters
Of the ſpacious Waters,
Had I a learned Muſe
To point at their vertues,
And what great things were brought to paſſe
By this El'ment, ſince made it was.

6.

It is heavie, moiſt, cold,
Which Fiſh and Pearle doth hold
For our food and attire:
But 'tis not my deſire
To make here a copious diſcourſe
Of Waters, Savor, Color, Courſe.

7.

My ſwift Muſe will repaire
Into the wholeſome aire,
And tell my Child, how we
Live by it, as we ſee.

Aire is more needfull then the meat,
Which to preſerve life we do eat.

8.

Yet 'twere too great a paine,
To ſhew, how Clouds, Miſt, Raine,
Dew, Hoare-froſt, Haile and Snow
Are form'd both in the low
And middle Region of the Aire;
And why the Weather's foule or faire.

9.

In few words I deſire,
To diſcourſe of the Fire;
On which brave Element
My preſent thoughts are bent.
Its ſhape Gods ſp'rit was pleas'd to take,
When he appear'd for th' Elects ſake.

10.

It is hot, drie and light,
Caſting a wondrous light,
Which all things doth lighten,
And our bodies ſtrengthen.
But as it gives light, ſo it burnes:
We receive by't good and ill turnes.

11.

I will then but admire
A farre off this hot Fire,
And beyond its Region
Behold the ſwift motion

Of the Heavens and thoſe faire lights,
Which divide the dayes from the nights.

12.

But what tongue can declare
Things ſo noble and rare?
If ſome Starres do exceed
This Earth, we may indeed
Admire, but not the bignes caſt
Of thoſe Globes, in which they are faſt:

13.

There are Planets and Signes,
Amongſt which the Sun ſhines,
Like the Maſter of all,
And from them all do fall
Vertues, which we call influence,
To governe the foure Elements.

14.

Thoſe vertues men do feare;
For a great ſway they beare
O're inferior creatures,
O're beaſt and mans natures;
So that ſome in their fooliſh thoughts
Will make Starres guiltie of their faults.

15.

If my prettie Babe live,
I hope, God will her give
Judgement enough to know;
Though Heav'ns rule here below,

And do order ev'rie ſeaſon;
Yet they want pow'r o're mans reaſon.

16.

There is one 'bove thoſe ſignes
(As we read in ſome lines
Of the holie Scripture)
VVho both hath made nature,
And oft gives man wit to eſchew
The dangers, which Planets fore-ſhew.

17.

'Tis Child, he, who hath wrought
Things beyond all mens thought;
To whoſe glorious Empire
Earth, Water, Aire and Fire,
By naturall inclination
Give the praiſe of their creation.

18.

Do Babe, no leſſe then they,
And ſee, thou do obey
All his Statutes and Lawes:
Then thou'le find, he will cauſe
Earth to bear, Water to waſh thee,
Aire to refreſh, Fire to warme thee.

19.

And when thy death is come,
Thou'le find a glorious room
In the higheſt Heaven,
In which ſhall be given

Thee without mutabilitie,
A bleſſed immortalitie.

20.

But if thou doſt not love
Thy God, and faithfull prove
To his will and commands,
Thou'le feele his heavie hands.
Earth ſhall ſwallow, Water drown thee,
Aire infect thy heart, Fire burne thee.

21.

And when a fearefull death
Hath wholly ſtopt thy breath,
Then thy curſed ſoule ſhall
Forthwith into hell fall.
To feele in an eternall fire,
The wofull effects of Gods ire.

22.

Then Babe, give eare to me,
And briefely I'le ſhew thee,
How to avoid that fire.
It is my ſoules deſire,
To leave thee ſome good inſtruction,
By which thou maiſt ſhun deſtruction,

23.

Let no beautie, ſtrength, health,
Favor, honor, bloud, wealth,
With pride puffe up thy heart,
Forgetting, how thou art,

Though wealthie, healthie, ſtrong and faire,
Yet made of Earth, Water, Fire, Aire.

24.

Thinke therſore, thou muſt die;
And ſo fix not thine eye
On Friends, Wealth, Health, Beautie,
Neglecting thy dutie,
To Love thy God with all thy heart,
And act a faithfull Chriſtians part.

25.

See, that no wilfull ſin,
Nor preſumptuous thee win.
Aborre all black Malice;
Yea and loath the leſt vice.
Give ever thy mind to Vertue,
And to all men render their due.

26.

And when by tentation
Thy Thought, Speech, or Action
Is guiltie, let ſorrow
From a broken heart flow;
And beleeve, Chriſt by his paſſion
Hath for thee made ſatisfaction.

27.

This is without all ſtrife
The right way unto life.
Grant Lord, my ſweet Child walke,
According to this talke.

And that ſhe never goe amiſſe,
Shew her thy ſelfe the path to Bliſſe.

Before ſhe Weanes her Child.

MY Childe (thankes to God) is growne ſtrong, and may well ſpare the breaſt; therefore I will weane her; and leaſt ſhe crie much for the Teat, I will rub it with ſome unpleaſant thing, to make her loath and leave ſucking. Doth not our God deale ſo with his Children, when he will weane them from their ſins? He ſees, they are given to wantonnes, greedines, covetouſnes, pride, ambition or the like: therefore he appoints diſeaſes, loſſes, diſgraces, ſcorne and croſſes: that ſo at laſt they be willing to leave evill pleaſures, ſince they are mixt with pain and bitternes. *As thou haſt manie times dealt ſo with me, O my gracious Father; ſo I heartily thank thee now, beſeeching thee to draw me ſtill from the love of the world and fleſh, by thoſe meanes, which thou know'ſt to be of greater force, to worke my converſion. Lord, deale ſo likewiſe with my Child, when ſhe ſhall ſwerve from thee; and now help*

me

me (I beſeech thee) to weane her quietly. Bleſſe the meats, I give her, that they agree with her ſtomach; and good God, bleſſe my meanes, that I may find her meat enough.

After the Child is Wean'd.

AS thou O God, art ever good to me, alwayes readie to help my bodie in weaknes, and comfort my ſoule in diſtres; ſo both my heart and tongue ſhould alwayes be in readines, to render thee thankes for thy love, and praiſes for thy help. Therefore I thanke thee now; I bleſſe thy name, praiſe thy goodnes, adore thy majeſtie, for thy gracious aſſiſtance in the breeding, bringing forth, and nurſing of this Child. I had never been able to overcome this triple labor, hadſt thou not been my help. O then again I glorifie thy name, humbly acknowledging, that my bodie hath been ſtrength'ned by thee, my heart cheer'd up, my milk bleſt, my breaſt kept from ſorenes, and my ſweet Babe preſerv'd in life and health. Then I do beg of thy goodnes the continuation of thy care of both my Child and me. We live ſtill in danger, therefore be ſtill with us. Keep us by day, watch o-

ver us by night. And because my meanes are but ſmall, increaſe them Lord, increaſe them unto that meaſure, that with them I ſupplie my Childs bodilie wants, and procure her vertuous education, and Chriſtian inſtruction, if I my ſelfe or my huſband can not afford her that, either for want of good breeding and ſound knowledge, or being called hence, before ſhe be brought up. In theſe and other things, thou in thy wiſdome knowſt, we want both for the fleſh and ſpirit, heare me my God, now and alwayes, for thy love to thy Son Jeſus, my onelie Lord and Hope.

FINIS.

The Index of *Herberts* Child-bearing Woman.

When she's
- With Child, 13
- Quicke, 16
- Ill in her breeding, 19
- Neere her Labor, 26
- In her Labor: with the Womẽs Prayrs, 31
- Visited by friends, 59

Concerning Fairies, 61

When she
- Longs, 24
- Meets a Hare, 23
- Awakes, 58
- Goes to Church, 79
- Is in the Church, 81
- Presents her child to God, 82
- Sees her Sonnes grave, 83

Before the Childs
- Baptisme, 63
- Weaning, 130

After the
- Birth, 43
- Baptisme, 64

Childs Weaning, 131

Her
- Blessing to the Child, 48
- Thanksgiving, 50
- Morning and Evening Prayers, 56, 57
- Morning and Evening Songs, 75, 76, 78
- Lullabies, 68, 70
- Upsitting, 65
- Blessing on the meat, 57
- Grace after the meat, 57

Her

Her 7. Songs.

1 106
2 110
3 112
4 115
5 118
6 120
7 123

When the Child

Stirres, 17
Sleeps, 72
Awakes, 74
Laughs, 88
Fights, 89
Stands alone, 101
Goes alone, 102
Falls, 103
Begins to speake, 103

When the Child is

Angrie, 89
Heavie, 100
Proud, 105
Sicke, 85
Like to die, 91
Well again, 93
Dead, 94
Buried, 98

Mid-wives Exhortations, 28 49
Mid-wives Prayers, 30, 50

Womens Prayers, 31
Womens Blessing, 49

This Devotion containes 172. Meditations, Prayers and Songs, on which I beg the Lords blessing of amplification and multiplication, in the hearts of pious Women.

Octob. 14. 1646.

I Have peruſed theſe ſpirituall Meditations and Devotions, and finding them to containe much matter pious and profitable, I doe allow them to be printed and publiſhed.

John Downame.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION